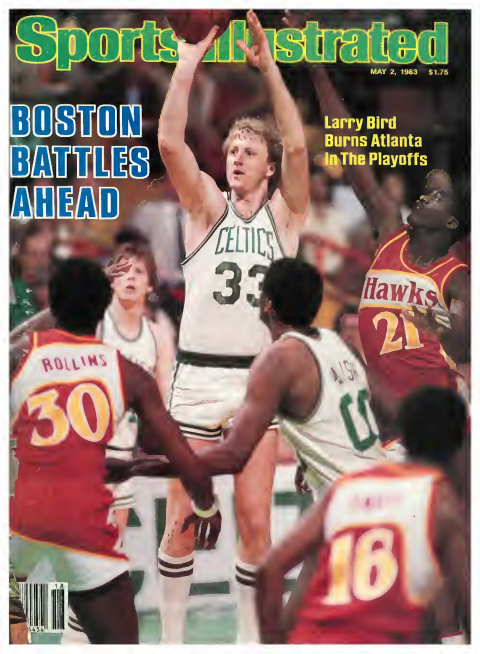


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MAY 2, 1983 \$1.75

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CONTENTS

24 The Celtics' Fight for Survival

After a lackluster season and a slow start in the playoffs, Boston showed Atlanta's Hawks some real muscle **by Anthony Cotton**

by Anthony Cotton

30 Another Slew Comes Out of the Wood

Just like his Triple Crown-winning father, Slew O' Gold made a name for himself in New York's Wood Memorial **by William Nack**

by William Maciak

32 It Was Bourne Again and Again

The Islanders found an unlikely hero in Bob Bourne as they beat the Rangers and aimed at Stanley Cup No. 4. **by Alexander Wolff**

by Alexander Wolff

40 And They're Off!

A Kentucky Derby sketchbook depicts the 1982 running—and added attractions, from jitters to juleps **Paintings by Ken Dallison**

Paintings by Ken Dallison

50 Big Fish in a Big Pond

Even in the crowded pool of lightweight talent, 20-year-old Edwin Rosario may be the toughest boxer to catch **by Jack McCallum**

by Jack McCallum

54 The Marathon's Maine Woman

Down East runner Joan Benoit strode into downtown Boston with a world-best time—2:22:42 **by Kenny Moore and Lisa Twyman**

by Kenny Moore and Lisa Twyman

70 For Better, for Worse

Whom ball clubs have joined together as roommates, no man shall put asunder—but sometimes it does happen **by Jack McCallum**

by Jack McCollum

DEPARTMENTS

Scorescard _____	19	For the Record _____	91
Baseball _____	62	19th Hole _____	92

Chondrichthys chelyomus (F.)

Time-Life News Service Richard L. Duncan's wife

Letter: [John Hoff](#)

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff Writer Jack McCallum says that in his story on roommates, which begins on page 70, he deliberately left out tales of Odd Couple pairings. "There were simply too many of them," says McCallum, whose profile of lightweight boxer Edwin Rosario also appears in this issue, starting on page 50. "Proba-

pital corners he had put on his bed, I asked him if he was in pre-nursing. Actually, though, we had so many things in common that we found it easier to stay together and work around the differences in our personal habits."

McCallum and Bailey were not assigned the same room as incoming freshmen. They met early in the first semester during a pickup basketball game. "I noticed this guy wearing high-top black Converse," says Bailey. "I was the only other one who wore them at the time. High-top blacks say a lot about a man."

Within weeks, Bailey and his high-tops had moved from his own room to a mattress on the floor of McCallum's and his assigned roommate's quarters. "We all became expert at walking around this guy on the floor," says McCallum. "It was extremely hazardous, though, if someone who'd had a few beers stumbled into the room when Reds was asleep."

McCallum and Bailey had the room to themselves during their sophomore year, "and we acted properly sophomore," says McCallum, the dorm counselor's patience with McCallum's pre-drawn visits around the house and Bailey's practical jokes—his specialty was locking people in their own rooms by wedging nails between the door and the jamb—grew thin, so they spent their last two years as roomies in a fraternity house.

They still share the things that kept them together as roomies—a love of playing hoops and throwing the Frisbee and an offbeat sense of humor. Apparently their tastes in women coincide, too. Years after Bailey dated a Muhlenberg coed named Donna Kesselbach, McCallum married her. "They're the only two roomies I've ever had," says McCallum. "Her hospital corners aren't nearly as good as Reds', though."



McCALLUM AND BAILEY, A.K.A. MADISON AND UNGAR

bly every professional team has at least one Oscar and one Felix living together."

McCallum spent his undergraduate years at Muhlenberg College playing Oscar Madison, the slob of a sportswriter in Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*, to the Felix Ungar of his four-year roommate, Everett (Red) Bailey.

"I can close my eyes and see Jack's side of the room," says Bailey, who still socializes with his former roommate—they live 10 miles apart, McCallum in Bethlehem, Pa. and Bailey in Allentown. "There were stacks and stacks of things piled up on top of his typewriter: clothes, books, sneakers. I don't know how he ever found the typewriter, but he did. How do I know? Because he pounded on it at all hours of the night."

Of Bailey, McCallum says, "Up to that point in my life I had never met anyone who arranged stuff on his dresser at certain angles so he'd know whether someone had touched anything. Naturally, I'd usually touched something. The first time I saw the hos-

Philip D. Harbert



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things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one has to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip. Sport is a wonderful world.

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This fragrant diesel is meanwhile the most powerful such engine yet placed in a production automobile. Old images of "diesel lag" are obliterated in a turbine-like rush of energy and brisk acceleration, generated by a built-in turbocharger.

Five adults will find themselves extremely well cared for aboard the 300SD. Its interior is almost 109 cubic feet worth of first-class

repose, outfitted with only first-class amenities.

Yet so disciplined is its design that the car is less than 17 feet long and turns within just 39 feet. At 3,780 pounds, it is neither ponderous nor flimsy but athletically trim.

Its all-welded body achieves remarkable solidity and strength in part by using high strength, low alloy steels. Both the trunk lid and hood are fabricated in aluminum—part of the engineers' relentless quest to pare off weight wherever possible.

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If the 300SD doesn't perform like the usual diesel, neither does it handle like the usual limousine in the clutch.

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120 safety features

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even a separate ventilation console to serve the rear-seat occupants.

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A persuasive statement

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VIEWPOINT

by BILL DISESA

TV'S TENNIS PROS MAY STRING ALONG GIRLS, BUT REAL PROS STRING RACKETS

Because I'm a teaching professional myself, the dramatic license taken with tennis pros on TV and in the movies has always amused me. However, a few episodes of ABC's *Dynasty*, the evening television soap opera, have made the tennis character absurd and done a vast disservice to my profession. I refer to Mark Jennings, played by Geoffrey Scott, an actor who's obviously a graduate of the University of Tom Selleck.

Mark gives lessons only to incredibly

bulls each in the far corners of both service boxes and, machine-gun style, hit four serves that exploded each pile in succession. If the *Dynasty* crew had put John McEnroe on the baseline and asked him to do that, they'd probably be on take No. 5,000. Needless to say, the magic of television helped out: shot of Mark serving, cut; shot of ball hitting target, cut. Repeat three times. Follow with shot of Mark nodding nonchalantly.

In another episode *Dynasty* takes even more liberties with the game—not to mention with reality—to demonstrate Mark's tennis prowess. In this scene our hero is confronted by Fallon's jealous husband, Jeff, who struts up to Mark—in the middle of a lesson, of course—and with racket clenched in fist announces,

cocky demeanor. He's also a master at stringing along clients. In one scene Mark is shown graciously losing to an older gentleman with obviously inferior ability. As Mark walks off the court, he smugly assures the beautiful people ogling each other on the veranda that he was just letting the guy win to keep him coming back for more lessons.

Mark gives poor instruction, has, it is implied, affairs with club members, and purposely loses matches to keep his clientele happy, yet is adored by all. The pros I know who go that route last about as long as it takes for the tennis committee chairman to fire them.

When I was growing up, most of the tennis pros I admired were from the old school. Maybe they didn't look dashing



ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD WITT

gorgeous girls, and these "lessons" are constantly being interrupted by more incredibly gorgeous girls, with names like Krystle (Linda Evans), Alexis (Joan Collins) and Fallon (Pamela Sue Martin), who walk right onto the court to discuss things that most people would be uncomfortable talking about in their own homes. When interrupted, Mark doesn't say, "Sorry, I've got 20 minutes left in my lesson with this incredibly gorgeous girl." Oh, no. He says, "That's enough for today, honey." What's more, the girl doesn't say, "Hey, I paid 50 bucks for this lousy lesson. What do you mean 'That's enough for today'?" She just strolls contentedly off the court, presumably considering herself fortunate to have received any of Mark's attention.

Mark doesn't have to worry about retaining his clientele with good teaching techniques, anyway. He keeps them coming back with displays of superhuman effort. Because his teaching court just happens to be surrounded by beautiful people at all times, there's always an audience when he performs his impromptu exhibitions. In one he placed little pyramids composed of four tennis

"I'm going to show you up!" With that, Jeff serves the ball at a dumbfounded Mark, who still hasn't moved from his position at the net. No matter. Mark volleys the serve back, kicking off perhaps the longest tennis point in history. When it's finally over, Mark has doggedly worked his way back to the baseline and up to the net again three separate times, until he hits a swinging put-away volley just as Jeff collapses face-first on the hard court, undoubtedly feeling the effects of being poisoned by his exposure to toxic paint in a previous episode. Well, you had to be paying attention.

Such abuse of the average tennis player's sensibilities hasn't been witnessed since the abominable movie *Players*, starring Dean-Paul Martin—no relation to Pamela Sue, I hope—graced the silver screen. In *Players'* climactic match, you may recall, Martin dived for so many of Guillermo Vilas' shots in the Wimbledon final that he looked more like Rickey Henderson stealing bases than a competitor at the All England Club. And Vilas? In the finals at Wimbledon?

Mark's character clichés don't stop with good looks, limitless talent and

or hit aces on every serve. So what if they spent more time stringing rackets than stringing along incredibly gorgeous girls? (The only female who ever interrupted my tennis pro's lessons was his wife, reminding him to pick up prune juice at the grocery.) Real pros had a genuine concern for everyone who came to them for help, regardless of body shape, social status or tennis potential. They taught kids like me more important things than simple forehands and backhands.

Real tennis pros acted as avuncular advisers. And they didn't gain their wisdom by flying off to Haiti in midseason, as Mark did recently. (You guessed it: He went to Haiti because Fallon was there, getting a divorce.) Real tennis pros learned about life while grinding out 10 hours a day on the court, six days a week, most weeks of the year, and then taking out the garbage and balancing the books as well. When they advised you to study hard so you could earn a living with your brain instead of your back, you knew what they meant. It's hard to picture Mark advising anyone on anything except where to get the best deal on a new Porsche.

END

A man and a woman are walking on a cobblestone street. The woman is wearing a red turtleneck and light-colored trousers, and the man is wearing a light-colored jacket over a white shirt. They are both smiling. In the foreground, there is a large pack of Pall Mall Lights cigarettes. The pack is white with red and gold accents. The text "Pall Mall" is written in large, bold, white letters across the top of the image. The text "A Step Ahead" is written in large, bold, white letters across the middle of the image. The text "Step up in taste, step down in tar" is written in a smaller, italicized font. The pack of cigarettes has "100's" at the top, "PALL MALL" in large red letters, "FAMOUS CIGARETTES" in smaller red letters, a royal crest in the center, "LIGHTS" in red letters, and "LOW TAR FILTER" in smaller red letters. The pack is tilted slightly to the right.

Pall Mall

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step down in tar*

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OnTheScene

by STEVE WOLF

SIT, FRIEND, AND CATCH THE LATEST WORD ON CANINE OBEDIENCE TRIALS

Sit. This is a well-behaved dog story. Actually, the story's about 189 well-behaved dogs and their people who journeyed to the O'Hare Exposition Center in Chicago late last fall for the 1982 United States Dog Obedience Classic. This event is commonly called the Super Bowl of Dog Obedience. If that conjures up an image of wags tailing dogs for photographs and interviews, drop it. Stay.

The Big Dog Dsh, unfortunately, wasn't widely publicized by the press—newspapers dumping on dogs instead of the other way around—so you probably missed the results, which we won't reveal just yet. Beg.

Dog-obedience people are warm, friendly and down-to-earth. They are doctors, psychologists, engineers, lawyers, homemakers and teachers as well as professional trainers. Not one of them looked like Barbara Woodhouse, the Englishwoman who's the Julia Child of dogs ("Walkie!"). They put bumper stickers on their station wagons that read: DID YOU SMOOCH YOUR POOCH TODAY? and DOGS ARE KIND TO DUMB PEOPLE and, this is an inside joke, DOG TRAINERS DON'T DIE, THEY JUST DROP IN RECALL.

But they do take their sport very seriously. They came from 32 states and Canada for the eighth annual Dog Obedience Classic, and the most any of them could hope to bring back was the 1982 Super Dog Silver Dumbbell and—give a dog a bone—a cash prize of \$750.

Dog-obedience dogs are warm, friendly and down-to-earth. They are Papillons, Rotweilers, Belgian Tervurens and Poodles that look like topiary. Twenty-seven different breeds were represented in Chicago; 69 of the dogs were golden retrievers. Not one dog, however, looked like Lassie ("What is it, girl? A fire? Over by the old Thompson place?").

Dogs take the Classic seriously, too. After the first day of competition, Russet,

a border collie trained by AnneMarie Silverton of Stockton, Calif., jumped out of his second-story window at the Ramada Inn. Russet played dead for a few minutes, and then was revived from shock. The next day, undoubtedly a little stiff, he fell from fourth to 11th place in the novice competition.

The Exposition Center, or O'Hare of the Dogs, was cold, forbidding and otherworldly, but 189 canines have a way of brightening up a place. The event was hosted by the Illini Obedience Association, which did a splendid job of making everyone and everydog feel at home. Chicago, it seems, is a hotbed of dog obe-

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL WEBB



dience. Each contestant received a handsome shellacked welcoming wreath of Gaines Dog Biscuits, pasted together, and if you have any idea how many hours went into that, speak.

The Classic is sponsored by Gaines, and dog-obedience people are very grateful for its support. The American Kennel Club has treated this dog-obedience competition as if it were a wet mongrel, so Gaines has been feeding it.

No wonder. Dog obedience, or canine citizenship, as some folks call it, is a growing sport. Mrs. Woodhouse is partly responsible, although she has reservations about obedience trials. Nevertheless, an estimated 100,000 pooches and their people participate in obedience trials in the U.S. each year. Those in Chicago were the *crème de la crème*, having placed high in the Central, Western and Eastern regionals earlier in the year. This year the three regionals will be held in Dayton (June 18-19), Las Vegas (July 9-10) and Greenville, S.C. (Sept. 24-25),

with the super bowl scheduled for San Jose, Calif. in November.

There are three categories in dog obedience: novice, open and utility. In the novice class the dog and handler are judged on their ability to do six basic exercises. The dog has to heel on a leash while making a figure eight around two stationary humans; stand perfectly still, without shyness or resentment, while being examined by the judge; heel free without a leash; stay where left until recalled; remain in a sitting position for a minute, until the handler, who has walked away, returns; and lie down for three minutes, while the handler again leaves and comes back. There are, unfortunately, no events like *gimme your paw*.

The perfect score is 200, and the dogs are judged on precision, willingness and enjoyment. Fighting and biting are not allowed. The handlers are watched for gentleness, smoothness and naturalness. They are not permitted to fight, either.

In the open class the dog must heel free; drop on recall, which means that when the dog is being recalled, it must lie down on command, rise

and continue to come on command; retrieve a dumbbell when commanded; retrieve the dumbbell over a high jump; do a broad jump; sit for three minutes with the handler out of sight; and lie for five minutes. No, there's no slipper fetching.

In utility, which is the toughest category, a dog goes through five tests. In the signal exercise, it must heel, stand, stay, lie down, sit and come promptly on signals. In scent discrimination, the dog must, when commanded, retrieve the handler's leather article from among five others, and the exercise is repeated with a metal article. In directed retrieve, the dog must retrieve a glove on command. In the directed jumping, the dog must go away from the handler in the direction indicated, stop when commanded, jump as directed and return to heel. By the way, a dog is disqualified in any of the three categories for going to the bathroom in the ring. Bad.

In Chicago dogs competing in both the utility and open exercises were classi-

continued

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ON THE SCENE *continued*

fied as Super Dogs. The Super Dogs had to perform in three utility and three open classes (as obedience sessions are known), six in all, working four times on Saturday and twice on Sunday. They got a break at halftime each day when other dogs showed off by catching fly balls, running obstacle courses, pulling people in carts, etc. There was also a demonstration of hearing dogs, canines that assist the deaf.

The superest dog of them all was Moreland's Golden Tonka, a golden retriever that won the Classic in 1975, 1977, 1978 and 1979. Unfortunately, Tonka died last year, but her legacy lives on as the number of goldens entered. The popularity of certain breeds has changed over the years. In the past, German shepherds, Poodles and Doberman pinschers have dominated the sport.

But dog obedience is somewhat democratic, if that's the right word. A dog without papers or pedigree can compete, as long as an AKC official certifies that the dog appears to have no mixed blood. This democracy embraces even the Basset hound, whose stubby legs make it tough for him to perform with élan.

But one was entered in the Super Dog category in the Big Dog Dish—name of Goober, trained by Buzz Taylor of Lake Park, Fla. Goober is the only OTCH (obedience trial champion) Basset in history, and it's truly a thing of beauty when he goes over a jump that stands as high as his shoulder. One problem Bassets have is that they sometimes step on their ears when heeling.

Goober, who celebrated his eighth birthday just a week before the Classic, is multitalented. He sings, he's appeared on a TV talk show with comedian Jackie Mason and Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show has expressed interest. "Goober, sing *On the Road Again*," commanded Taylor. Goober sang, but it could just as well have been Mamas, *Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys*.

Taylor is something of a character himself. He's known as Dog Trainer to Palm Beach Society, and he says, "You can teach an old dog new tricks." He's also a columnist for *Front and Finish*, the bible of dog obedience. In the November 1982 edition of *F and F*, Taylor had an article entitled *The Truth about Fleas in Florida*. Other stories in that issue included *Border Collies in Canada: All Is Not What It Seems*, *Where Have All the Shepherds Gone?* and

Classic Pooper. But we digress. Heel.

Goobar wasn't at his best in Chicago. "The old guy's a little slow today," said Taylor. He really didn't have much of a chance, anyway. The two favorites in the Super Dog category were the defending champion, Charo, a golden retriever trained by Diane Bauman of Sparta, N.J., and Dana, a Doberman pinscher who won the Classic two years before and is trained by Heather Armbruster of Grand Blanc, Mich.

Charo trains like an athlete. She jogs and swims, and, said Bauman, "She's my best friend." Unfortunately, Bauman also said, Charo was upset and nervous. Sure enough, in the directed jump on the first day, Charo anticipated her command and was hit with a low score of 176.5, which meant she was pretty much out of the competition. "This is an unforgiving sport," said the judge, Samuel Gardner, an engineer from Lakeland, Fla. who's also interested in the training of dolphins. "It's a shame, too, because that's a very beautiful dog."

"Oh, well," said Bauman. "Every dog will have an off day." Charo's other scores that day were 199.5, 198.5 and 199.5, and on Sunday, she scored 199.5 in open and utility, but the best she could do was finish 10th.

Dana performed beautifully on Saturday, averaging 197.625, but right behind her at 197.375 was an underdog named Missy.

Missy, trained by Bonnie McCaleb of Edina, Minn., is a 5-year-old Shetland Sheepdog, and a tiny Sheltie at that. "She's 10 pounds of dynamite," said McCaleb. "I was taking a shower in the motel, and when I came out, Missy had turned down the covers of the bed, put all the pillows in the center of the bed and was lying in the middle of them."

On Sunday, Dana was nearly flawless, and her 198.5 in the open exercise meant that Missy would have to score an impossible 200.5 to beat her. McCaleb congratulated Armbruster, and Missy seemed to congratulate Dana. In the midst of all the happiness, a border collie walked by with a FOR SALE, CHEAP sign draped over him.

On Sunday evening, Dana and Armbruster were given the Silver Dumbbell, and balloons went up as the speaker blared the theme from *Rocky*. Afterward, Dana played with a chewed-up tennis ball, and Armbruster told her, "Good girl, good girl."

Good people.

END

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SYMBOLISM AT OLE MISS

University of Mississippi Chancellor Porter L. Fortune Jr. announced last week that the Confederate flag will be dropped as an official school symbol. The main effect is that Ole Miss cheerleaders will no longer distribute Confederate flags to fans before football games. But there will be nothing to prevent fans from bringing in flags on their own because, said Fortune, "the university does not have the authority to ban the use and display of the Rebel flag by individuals."

Fortune's action angered many white Ole Miss boosters and students who see the Confederate flag as part of a tradition worth preserving at an institution whose sports teams, after all, are nicknamed the Rebels. But many of the 750 blacks among Ole Miss's 9,500-member student body objected that Fortune should have gone further and also dropped such other symbols of the Old South as Colonel Rebel, the school mascot, the use of *Dixie* as the unofficial school song and the Rebel nickname itself. But Fortune did none of that and, even in the case of the Confederate flag, seemed reluctant to go much beyond saying that it had come to be seen by many as "a vestige of an earlier and troubled era."

It's difficult to understand exactly what distinction Fortune was drawing in dropping the flag but not other trappings of the Confederacy. The elimination of *Dixie* as a school song might mean that the band would no longer play it after every touchdown, as it does now, but students could still exercise their right to free speech by singing it a cappella to their hearts' content. At any rate, the Confederate flag and other symbols are more than a "vestige" of some earlier time. Over the years they've also become symbols of here-and-now racism. When Steve Sloan quit as the Rebel football coach last year to become coach at Duke, he complained that Ole Miss's choice of symbols offended many black athletes and put the school at a disadvantage in recruiting. Let anybody doubt that such symbols have racial associations, consider what happened last week when 1,000 white Ole Miss students, singing *Dixie* and carrying Confederate flags, staged a campus rally in support of the Confederate symbols. Some 500 of the demonstra-

tors then marched to Fortune's house. After that, the marchers, some of them yelling racial epithets, descended, chillingly, on their ultimate destination, a black fraternity house.

WHITE HOUSE VISITS (CONT.)

Here's more on the NCAA rule against postseason trips that prevented North Carolina State's 1983 college basketball champs from shamoozing with President Reagan at the White House (SCORECARD, April 25). As already noted, the rule didn't prevent Indiana's NCAA-champion basketball team from visiting Gerald Ford at the White House in 1976 or two members of Clemson's national-champion football team from calling on Reagan last year. The Hoosiers claimed that the NCAA had agreed to waive the rule, while Tiger officials say they didn't even know it was on the books.

It now turns out that Louisville's basketball team visited Jimmy Carter at the White House after winning the NCAA title in 1980. Like the Clemson administrators, Steve Bing, Louisville's vice-president for university relations, pleads ignorance of the rule prohibiting such visits. "We were invited and we went," he says. "Nobody, to my knowledge, ever discussed it being against the rules. If it was a violation of the rules, it was totally inadvertent."

The revelation about Louisville, which isn't all that much of a revelation—a photo of the Cardinals on the White House lawn adorns the cover of the school's 1980-'81 basketball yearbook—comes as further evidence that the NCAA hasn't done much of a job of enforcing the rule in question. Just as clearly, it also suggests that member schools don't know the NCAA rulebook nearly as well as they should. Or maybe they just don't want to know.

ON THE ROAD

The Russell (Kans.) *Daily News*, whose usual fare consists of wedding announcements, wheat-futures quotations and the comings and goings of the most famous of its 5,427 inhabitants, Senator Robert Dole, carried a front-page story last week about a bit of excitement at a truck stop

along Interstate 70 in the even smaller (pop. 124) nearby hamlet of Bunker Hill: "Muhammad Ali, former world-heavyweight boxer, held court for several hours in the Bear House Cafe, Bunker Hill. Traveling with his secretary, Marge Thomas, from Chicago to Los Angeles, the well-known world figure stopped in Bunker Hill shortly after noon Wednesday when the water pump went out on his silver-gray Saab Bearcat.

"While Nyal French and Mitch Pasek



repaired the car in the nearby Tri-States Truck and Trailer sales and repair shop, the fighter had a cup of soup and signed autographs for truckers and others who stopped at the cafe.

"I enjoy meeting people everywhere I go," Muhammad Ali said, as some youngsters stopped by the counter and apologized for bothering him. . . .

"Waitress Lee Modlin began her first day on the job just a few hours before Ali's noon arrival at the cafe, which gets its name from the two bears housed in cages at a service station next door.

"I about died," she said. "He was real nice and real sweet. He signed a lot of autographs for us here."

"Her husband, Lloyd Modlin, helped repair the water pump on Ali's Saab Bearcat in about 90 minutes.

"The car, a handmade luxury model,

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QUARTER

SCORECARD *continued*

has an Oldsmobile engine and the pump replacement wasn't as difficult as mechanics thought it would be.

"When Muhammad Ali learned that Kansas City is 235 miles away, Denver about 400 miles and Wichita about 155 miles, he shook his head and said, 'Man, I'm right in the middle of nowhere. . . .'"

A LETTER FROM OUR SOCCER WRITER

The Kingdom
Seattle, Wash. 98104
April 23, 1983

Dear America:

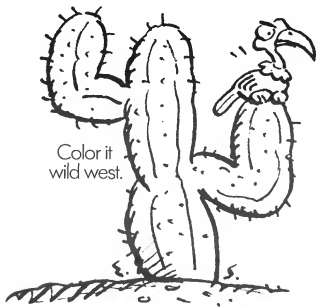
This is by way of filling you in about a soccer team of which you are, in a sense, the owner. It's Team America, launched with glowing hopes of adding a truly international dimension to the sport in the U.S. The idea was that it would be an all-American team—that is, all the players were to be Americans—that would play as an entity in the NASL and also do battle with the outside world in World Cup and Olympic competition.

When you received your initial prospectus, the outlook couldn't have been more propitious. There seemed a good chance that the U.S. would host the World Cup in 1986 and thereby automatically qualify for the tournament. As for the Olympics, a relaxation of eligibility rules to allow pros to compete was necessary before Team America could become the U.S. entry in '84, and the International Olympic Committee seemed all set to approve just such a relaxation. Moreover, the NASL and the MISL kindly agreed that your team's coach, Alkis Panagoulis, would be free to cast his eye over both leagues and gather from them the flower of American soccer talent.

Well, that prospectus, I'm sorry to tell you, turned out to be overly optimistic. Because the language of another sport may still be more familiar to you than that of soccer, you should probably think of the situation in terms of a young fighter who in the opening round is already reeling from two savage rights to the jaw. The first of those blows landed in late March when FIFA, soccer's international controlling body, all but formally dismissed the U.S. bid to host the World Cup. Next, FIFA itself was spurned when the IOC rejected its proposal to ease Olympic eligibility rules. This was the end of the road to the Games for Team America, now the U.S. Soccer

continued

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Federation will have to patch together a college side to meet the captains and colonels of the Eastern bloc countries.

Last week your team assembled in Seattle to prepare for its first NASL game, but much of the week was taken up by a scramble to put a side together. Until Wednesday, Team America consisted of the minimum 11 players and one goalie in reserve. In the end the Cosmos surrendered Boris Bandov, a naturalized American from Yugoslavia. Fort Lauderdale came up with Andy Parlanon, a South African, and Golden Bay gave up an Englishman, Alan Green. Team America? Well, it was explained, both Parlanon and Green will be eligible for citizenship later this year. Now, you may wonder what became of those promises about Team America getting the best Americans. Didn't read the fine print, did you? Certainly clubs were obliged to yield players. But the players had the option of whether or not to join your team, and some of them chose not to.

Well, don't despair. Team America does have some eager fellows, and its captain, Jeff Durgan, sounds a determinedly upbeat note. Reflecting on the fact that the U.S. won't host the World Cup and therefore won't automatically qualify for that tournament, Durgan says, "The World Cup would have been great for soccer here. But this doesn't blow it all. Now we have to qualify. So we qualify. We have to believe we can do it."

Durgan and his teammates also believed they could beat Seattle in their NASL debut, and you know what? They did it, fighting the Sounders, who started six Englishmen, to a scoreless standoff in regulation time and winning 1-0 after a shootout. Team America's next game is on May 8 on its home pitch in Washington, D.C. against the Tulsa Roughnecks. Ah, make that home field.

Sincerely,
Clive Gammon

BLIND MEN AND CRIERS

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn fined Yankee owner George Steinbrenner \$50,000 last week for inflammatory remarks Steinbrenner had made about National League President Chub Feeney and that league's umpires while watching a spring-training game against the Expos in Fort Lauderdale on March 25. Steinbrenner said he would pay the fine, but he also implied that he'd been misquoted

about the remarks, saying he regretted that "if in the reporting of the story the impression was given" that he was questioning the integrity of Feeney or the umpires.

This wasn't the first effort by Steinbrenner to blame his troubles over the remarks on the half-dozen reporters who'd been standing with him that day behind the fence along the first-base line at Fort Lauderdale Stadium. The area is a favorite vantage point of Steinbrenner's at the park, and he has frequently been joined there by sportswriters and quoted by them on things he said. This time the quotes had to do with some close calls that went against the Yankees, prompting Steinbrenner to refer to the two National League umpires working the game as "homers" and to claim that on Feeney's instructions, "the National League umpires will always give the close play to the National League."

After those statements were published, Steinbrenner at first claimed that he'd been sitting in the stands during the game, and thus hadn't even been in the reporters' presence. When that was shown to be false, he tried to claim that the reporters were in "a place they shouldn't have been." He also insisted that he'd been speaking not to the reporters but to a friend and that his words had been off the record. But the writers concurred that he'd been speaking to the whole group. Some of them were even taking notes as he spoke. All agreed he'd said nothing about his comments being off the record. As for Steinbrenner's subsequent intimation that he hadn't been questioning anybody's integrity, his references to "homers" and to Feeney stacking the deck against the American League speak for themselves.

Steinbrenner's handling of the controversy was reminiscent of a flap in early February over his assertions in a speech in Batavia, N.Y. and a press conference in Syracuse, N.Y. that Yankee outfielder Dave Winfield "just isn't the winner Reggie Jackson was." When those remarks caused sparks to fly, Steinbrenner issued a press release in which he called it "a shame that a young writer would take my statements out of context just to get a sensational story." It wasn't clear which "young writer" Steinbrenner had in mind because his comments on Winfield had been recounted by at least three reporters—representing the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, UPI and The

Syracuse Post-Standard. While the three are young—all are in their 20s—they wrote virtually identical accounts of what Steinbrenner had said about Winfield. Bill LeMon, who attended the Syracuse press conference, confirmed that those accounts weren't taken out of context. LeMon majored in journalism at Bucknell, received a master's degree in radio and TV at Syracuse, owns an advertising and public-relations firm and is an adjunct professor of advertising and the acting sports information director at LeMoyne College. He's 50 years old.

Ironically, the press conference in Syracuse took place before a speech by Steinbrenner at the annual dinner of the Blind Men and Criers Marching and Chowder Society, an organization of referees and coaches. As the whimsical name suggests, friction between field officials and team officials is natural and even the source of humor. But Steinbrenner's remarks about the umpires in Fort Lauderdale—and indeed his basting of umpires over the years—go well beyond the jocular. It's debatable whether those remarks are any more objectionable than Steinbrenner's public humiliation of his players or his repeated distortions of the truth. What isn't debatable is that Steinbrenner of all people has no business questioning the integrity of umpires, reporters or anybody else.

AN OLDTIMER'S LAMENT

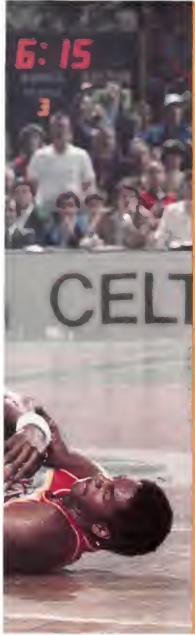
The Arnold Toynebe Memorial Award goes to John Bassett, owner of the Tampa Bay Bandits in the then seven-week-old USFL, who, flummoxed over a costly penalty in an 18-13 loss to the Los Angeles Express, said: "It was the worst-officiated game in the history of the league."

THEY SAID IT

- Roger Erickson, Yankee pitcher, announcing his retirement after being demoted to Columbus with assurances that he was part of the parent team's future: "I don't want to be in your future. It's frustrating enough being in your present."
- Lynn Swann, ABC pro football announcer: "I'm only five pounds over my playing weight, but it's all Snickers."
- Severiano Ballesteros, Masters champion and a native of Pedreña, Spain, when asked how many languages he speaks: "About six or seven. Spanish, Argentine, Cuban, Mexican...."

END





6:15

Sports Illustrated

MAY 2, 1983

The Celtics' Fight For Survival

After a lackluster season and a slow start in the playoffs, Boston showed Atlanta some muscle

by **ANTHONY COTTON**

At first glance, the Boston Celtics' 98-79 victory over the Atlanta Hawks last Sunday in the third and deciding game of their Eastern Conference miniseries was one of the ugliest in NBA annals. Bodies were strewn about the Boston Garden court. In the centerpiece brawl, Atlanta Center Tree Rollins bit the right middle finger of Boston Guard Danny Ainge, causing a wound requiring five stitches. Rollins wasn't unprovoked. The normally peaceable Ainge had elbowed Rollins and then had put a takedown move on him that might have made Dan Gable proud. Ainge was ejected, but not Rollins. There were 38 turnovers and 46 personal fouls. All in all, not a pretty picture.

But to Celtic Coach Bill Fitch, the victory, which advanced Boston to the conference semifinals against the Milwaukee Bucks, was merely picturesque. "We may not always play well," said Fitch, "but we play hard."

That wasn't strictly the case during the regular season, but on Sunday the Celtics were as mean, snarly and unattractively effective as ever. Perhaps, as Hawk Coach

continued

Conceding eight inches in height to his opponent, Ainge (44) resorted to wrestling to cut Tree down.

Kev'n Loughery said afterward, the brawl was a minor matter. "Stuff like that used to happen twice a game in the old days," he said. But, for the Celtics, that bristling scene—in fact, the entire stick-it-to-'em game—may have been just the jolt they needed.

That Boston found itself in a miniser-ies for the first time in six years speaks volumes about its frustrating 1982-83 season. When you regularly win Atlantic Division titles, as the Celtics had the past three years, you get accustomed to the respect—and week of pre-playoff rest—that go with finishing first. So although its 56-26 record was the third-best in the league, Boston entered the series against Atlanta with something of an inferiority complex.

During the regular season, as the gap between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Celtics widened—it would be nine games as the season ended—that old green magic seemed to diminish.

This view was hotly disputed last week by Boston's magician-in-chief, Larry Bird. "The bottom line is that we're still the Celtics," he said. "Ask L.A. and Philadelphia who they fear, and I'll bet they say us."

And, indeed, the Celtic record against division winners wound up at 10-6: 3-3 against Philly, 2-0 against L.A., 3-3 against Milwaukee and 2-0 against San Antonio.

However, according to one Boston player, "We had been winning just because we're the Celtics, but now teams are saying, 'That's bull,' and coming at us hard. And this team doesn't handle losing very well. Everyone—the players and the coaches—acts differently when we don't win."

Some Celtic watchers foresaw problems even before the season began. By trading the rights to Dave Cowens, who retired in 1980, to Milwaukee for Guard Quinn Buckner, Boston had acquired a quality "Celtic-type" player, but also had created a glut in a backcourt that already included Ainge, Tiny Archibald, Gerald Henderson, as well as swingmen Charles Bradley and M.L. Carr. Everyone but Carr started at least five games, resulting in a hodgepodge of combinations, reduced playing time for some individuals and bruised egos.



Robert Parish scored a team-high 17 points in Game 2, but Boston still fell short by two.

The frontcourt, already perhaps the best in the league, became even deeper in mid-January when Boston traded benchwarming rookie Center Darren Tillis to Cleveland for Forward Scott Wedman, a career 15.3-points-per-game scorer. Now it appeared for sure that the Celtics had too many able bodies, which can be almost as deadly as having too few. "What you want is eight really good players and

four mediocre ones," says one really good Celtic. "Before, guys like Eric Fernsten and Terry Duerod [subs on recent Celtic teams] really had no aspirations of being great players and didn't demand playing time. Now, with so many good players on the team, it's easy to get disgruntled."

Fitch says that's hogwash. "Too much talent is when you have players who are

ready to and can go for 48 minutes," he says. "Take Tiny, for example. He's 34 years old, and he can't play 48 anymore. He got mad at first; hell, I'd get mad if someone told me I was 34 and couldn't do everything anymore. But he still gets his quality minutes [an average of 27.4 per game]. It may seem like there's been a lot of juggling, but back in October and November I was looking ahead to April and the playoffs."

Bird, for one, thinks Fitch did an excellent job of maneuvering the troops but also concedes that all the shuffling probably cost the Celtics in terms of continuity. "We never really got a string going," he says. "It seemed like we'd win four, lose two, win four, lose two. There were so many changes in the lineup that there were times when we didn't move the ball around like in the past; the flow and timing were a step behind."

During the regular season there was never a compelling reason to get that step back. By the end of January it was obvious that Boston wouldn't catch the 76ers and also that Central Division-leading Milwaukee wouldn't be able to bump the Celtics out of the second-best record in the Eastern Conference. As a result Boston became, according to Cerner-Forward Kevin McHale, "an average team. If we won five games in a row it didn't matter; if we lost five in a row it didn't matter. So what was the point?"

A flurry of What's Wrong With The Celtics? newspaper stories appeared in Boston and across the country. Some described the players as buckering incessantly with each other. Others said that General Manager Red Auerbach had demanded that Buckner be made a starter in order to justify the trade. Still others implied that the players were tired of Fitch's drill-sergeant coaching methods.

While the first two assertions were false, there was truth to the suggestion of some player discontent with Fitch. Ironically, it came during a season in which Fitch wasn't the martinet he had been made out to be in the past. "I think he recognized what a difficult year it was for all of us, and he eased up quite a bit," McHale says.

Not that Fitch totally abandoned his biting manner. "The man has a lot of good things to say, he just has some awful

ways of saying them," says one Celtic. "You can only call someone dumb or stupid for so long." Adds another, "Everyone rebels in his own little way. I can't get into someone yelling about why I didn't get over a double pick. I wonder if someone in a normal business gets yelled at for not getting over to the Xerox machine the right way." Says McHale, who isn't as obsessed with basketball as Fitch might like, "I long for the day when something I do out on a basketball court affects Wall Street."

During a road trip just after the All-Star break, something happened that might have brought the players and Fitch closer together. In Seattle one evening, he lost about \$400 to a pickpocket in a bar. When the team assembled the next day, all the players had jokingly taped shut their jacket pockets. Fitch wasn't amused, and the gulf widened.

Regardless of Boston's problems, hardly anyone gave Atlanta a ghost of a chance in the miniseries—except the Hawks themselves. Although Boston had won five of the six regular-season meetings between the clubs, Atlanta players were among those who no longer regarded the Celtics with awe.

Despite an offense that averaged only 101.6 points per game, 19th in the league, the Hawks made the playoffs, sneaking into the sixth and final Eastern Conference spot by winning 18 of their final 28 games.

Indeed, Atlanta felt it had more than a fair shot at toppling Boston. Said one Hawk official before Game 1, "With the Celtics, the whole is definitely greater than the sum of the parts. It's just that you freeze a little bit when you think about playing the Celtics. I'll concede that Bird is one of the two best players in the league, but Cedric Maxwell can be beaten, can't he? Is it stupid

to say that Archibald has reached the end of the line? Is it inconceivable to feel that Ainge isn't ready yet and that Henderson is a pretty ordinary guard?"

As the Celtics' 116th straight sellout crowd of 15,320 watched Game 1, for a while it appeared that those were pertinent questions. A year ago in their opening miniseries game against Philadelphia, the Hawks had been embarrassed 111-76. This time, instead of having his team try to run stride for stride with a more talented club, Loughery had Atlanta attack with a variety of spread offenses, clearing out two, three and sometimes four players in an effort to put his outstanding scorers in head-to-head encounters with Celtic defenders.

More often than not, the Hawks' best offensive weapon turned out to be Forward Dan Roundfield, who would finish the game with 24 points and 20 rebounds as he controlled both the boards and the Atlanta attack. On defense, the Hawks

continued

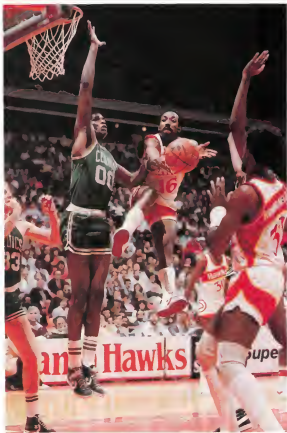


Maxwell saved his best for last, capping 19 in the Celts' clincher.

swarmed and trapped, double-teaming the ball whenever it went down low and forcing Boston to score from the outside, where the Celtics guards shot 14 for 36. The game plan worked so well that a 15-9 spurt in the fourth quarter put Atlanta up 85-81 with 6:55 to play.

Things continued to go the Hawks' way when Maxwell—who, in the upset of

the evening, had been given an award for good sportsmanship by *The Boston Globe*, even though he hasn't spoken to the press all season—was called for an offensive foul with 6:38 left, and Boston called what seemed a desperation timeout. As the Celtics returned to the court, the crowd mostly rallied behind them, and now for the first time the Hawks ap-



In the second game, Davis dished out assists—he had 10—left and right all night.



A Celtic posse couldn't round up Roundfield, who had 24 points in the first game.

peared to be asking themselves, "What are we doing here?" For the remainder of the game the answer was nothing much. Buckner, who isn't known for his shooting, hit three key jumpers as Boston outscored Atlanta 22-10 and won the game 103-95.

Although Atlanta had done most everything right but win in Game 1, it was generally assumed that the series would end in Dixie on Friday night. After all, the reasoning went, the Hawks couldn't play any better, and Boston wouldn't shoot a measly 45.7%, as it had in the opener. That turned out to be right. The Celtics shot 40.4%. Atlanta led by as many as 17 points en route to a 55-42 halftime margin. Forward Rudy Macklin, who'd had a cold hand in Game 1, huddled before the game with Dale Brown, his coach at Louisiana State, and came out sizzling, scoring 10 points and adding seven rebounds in the first half.

Macklin got another five points in the third period, but the biggest basket for the Hawks came with one second remaining in the quarter. Having trimmed away the halftime lead via seven turnovers and numerous bad shots, Atlanta found itself tied at 66. Inbounding the ball at midcourt, Randy Smith hit Domi-



nique Wilkins, who calmly sank a 40-footer from just across halfcourt, putting the Hawks back up by three. Atlanta hung on from there to win 95-93. "That was really the ball game," Fitch said of Wilkins' shot afterward.

Perhaps a more decisive factor was the defensive job Wilkins did on Bird, denying him the ball and hassling him all the way. Nique, as he is called by his teammates, held Bird to four-of-18 shooting from the floor. Bird wound up with just 15 points. In Game 1 he had scored 26 points, but he made only nine of 20 shots and had scored only 10 points when Wilkins was in the game. "Of this season's rookies, Terry Cummings and Clark Kellogg got all of the ink, but neither one had to compete under playoff pressure and neither had to play defense," said Atlanta General Manager Stan Kasten after the game. "It's obvious how far Dominique's come."

When asked if he thought Wilkins had won the battle between

them Friday, Bird snapped, "I didn't know me and him were playing one-on-one. I thought this was a team game."

Previously he'd said, "In the playoffs, teams are keying on me more, and I feel it's more important to the Celtics that I work harder in areas other than shooting.

like rebounding and passing. There have been some great defensive players on me, but sometimes I really believe that no one can guard me."

The rubber match between Bird and Wilkins almost didn't materialize. Wilkins stubbed his left foot on the television stand in his Boston hotel room Sunday morning and got a nasty gash on his little toe. The bleeding stopped, and Wilkins was given an injection of novocaine and cortisone before the game.

Bird knew none of this and it probably wouldn't have mattered anyway. He came out firing, scoring 10 first-quarter points and harassing the hobbling Wilkins into poor shooting (1 for 6 for the game) from the outside. "I took him completely out of his game, which is what I set out to do," Bird said. During the bench-clearing melee, which occurred at 6:15 of the third quarter, that meant a little one-on-one jawing. "I told him to go back to the bench and sit down and that I hoped he had a nice summer," Bird said. "He's just a rookie, so you got to take your shots wherever you can get 'em."

Unfortunately for the Hawks, they didn't make enough of the shots they got. Boston double-teamed the ball up high, forcing Atlanta to chew up too much time before letting go some improbable-looking shots. Wilkins and Roundfield were only six of 21 from the field and combined for a mere 18 points. "Anytime you get into the playoffs, the whole thing comes down to defense," Fitch said. "Our guys took their pride and their intensity and came right out and did it." The guy who did it best was Bird, who had 26 points, nine rebounds and nine assists.

And if the Celtics got scuffed up a bit, O.K. "If teams were smart, they would play us very gently," McHale said. "They'd come out and say, 'Hey, how ya doin'?' and just leave us alone. We don't play well until we get jolted out of complacency."

Well, consider the Celtics properly jolted.



Hawk owner Ted Turner was his usual demure self during Game 2.

Another Slew Comes Out Of The Wood

Like his Triple Crown champion sire, Slew O' Gold made a name for himself by winning the Wood Memorial **by WILLIAM NACK**

Stepping into the winner's circle at Aqueduct last Saturday, followed by 15 more or less ecstatic owners, trainer Sidney Watters Jr. allowed himself one deep breath, followed by two quiet sighs of relief. "We got one anyway," said the gentlemanly jumping-horse trainer from Monkton, Md., sighing once. Then again. "And that's enough."

In this exasperatingly unpredictable year for 3-year-olds, one in which the best of the crop may turn out to be a filly, Watters had good reason to be grateful. The mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial, last major New York prep before the Kentucky Derby, was run in two divisions, and Watters saddled the favorite in each division, both sons of Seattle Slew, winner of the 1977 Wood.

In the first, after being bet down to 8-5, Slewpy, a dark bay colt by the 1977 Triple Crown winner, lost interest coming off the turn for home and ended up fifth, beaten 10 lengths by the winner, Bounding Basque, who might grow up to be a nice horse if he learns to keep his mind on his business. For Watters and Equus Equity Stable, a 17-member partnership that owns 15 sons and daughters of Seattle Slew, that left Slew O' Gold to save the day in the second division.

Save it he did. The crowd of 33,212 made Slew O' Gold the 6-5 choice, and he won the race in the trenches, beating Parfaitement by only a neck after a long, whiplashing, show-me-what-you-got stretch fight that had the grandstand rocking as the two colts rolled. Neither division was won in real racehorse time. Bounding Basque needed 1:51 and Slew O' Gold 1:51 to get the nine furlongs, both far off the Wood record of 1:47 set by Bold Forbes in 1976.

Asked for whom the Wood had been

named, the *Daily Racing Form's* estimable New York chart-caller, Jack Wilson, said, "I don't know why it's called the Wood, but after seeing those horses today, I know why it's called a memorial."

That aside, what the Wood did was fourfold: a) It thrust three improving colts—Slew O' Gold, Bounding Basque and Parfaitement—onto the already foggy moors of the Derby scene; b) turned all attention to the April 28 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland as The One Big Race expected to single out and identify, finally, the strongest Derby contender; c) suggested once again that Churchill Downs' method of limiting the size of the Derby field, by mere money won rather than by a more equitable system based on merit, needs revising; and d) coming two weeks before the Derby, reinforced the notion that the best 3-year-old in the land may be Princess Rooney, a filly.

Ah, Princess Rooney. Frank Gomez, her trainer, has said repeatedly that he has absolutely no intention of running his light-boned lass against the linebackers at Churchill Downs. But how can he resist the temptation now? On the same day that the colts at Aqueduct could not shade 1:50 in the Wood, the Princess was down at Keeneland winning the 1 1/2-mile Ashland Stakes for 3-year-old fillies by 9 1/2 lengths in a credible—considering the slop—1:45. She can fly.

The best guess is that Gomez will be closely watching the Blue Grass, in which the Santa Anita Derby winner,



PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

Marfa, will be strutting his stuff against the best colts from both coasts. What happens in the Blue Grass will undoubtedly have a bearing on what Gomez decides to do with Princess Rooney.

Should Gomez opt for the Derby rather than the Kentucky Oaks for fillies the day before, chances are Princess Rooney will not be facing either High Honors or Country Pine, two impeccably bred Wood Memorial horses who won't be at Louisville because they haven't earned enough money to qualify for the Derby. Low Rondinello trains both horses for Dan Galbreath, and he has brought them along patiently. Rondinello is known affectionately on the backstretch as Fifty-Two Lou, a reference to the fact that he



Slew O' Gold (above) barely beat Parfaitement in the second division, but Bounding Basque was an even narrower winner in the first.

tends to work horses slowly. A half-mile workout in 52 seconds, you know, is a really quiet affair. Fifty-Two Lou asked very little of his colts last year, High Honors started three times, winning \$16,200, and Country Pine twice, winning only \$10,200. Don't push a good thing. Give a horse time to grow up.

In the Wood, Country Pine ran his eyeballs out in the first division and just got beat by Bounding Basque. High Honors finished a flying third in the second division, beaten less than a length by Slew O' Gold, whose winning purse of \$101,700 made him eligible for the Derby. The consolation prizes—\$37,026 for Country Pine and \$20,340 for High Hon-

ors—surely didn't boost their earnings enough to get them to Churchill Downs. The irony, of course, is this: Rondanelli is being punished for his patience, a certifiable virtue among horse trainers, punished for not pushing his colts to earn more money when they were very young.

Watters now has two Derby eligibles, Slewpy and Slew O' Gold, but for now only Slew O' Gold is sure to run. Slewpy doesn't want to go a mile and a quarter, or so it appears. "I don't know whether he'll race or not," Watters said. "He has never run good at Aqueduct. Slew O' Gold will ship to Louisville on Monday. He gets better after every race."

So does Bounding Basque. But last

week his connections were still hedging about the Derby. "Let's see how he comes out of this," said owner Jacques D. Wimpfheimer.

Bounding Basque still races awfully green, even with blinkers added, gawking about like a tourist in Hong Kong. "This is the first time he went around two turns," said his trainer, Woody Sedlacek. "He was looking all over. He'll stand on the racetrack for a half an hour and look at everything: trains, tractors, whatever's around."

There will be plenty to see at Churchill Downs. Like 140,000 people and 20 horses. And yes, somewhere in front of him, perhaps a filly at the finish.

000

This is a story for the tabloids. It features a psychic, an inspirational return, some Sinatra, people-page personalities, a cute, cuddly creature, a black-and-white file photo, lost canines that get found, frenzied mobs and things that didn't happen that people swear happened. As the defending Stanley Cup champion New York Islanders met the New York Rangers, Cupless for 43 years,

in the best-of-seven Patrick Division finals, the New York dailies dealt restraint a hard body check into the boards. HOCKEY HYSTERIA! roared the *New York Post*.

At least one thing is fit to print: When the Expressway Series had finally played

itself out last Friday night with the Islanders winning 5-2 in Game 6, they had kept alive their dream of winning four consecutive Stanley Cups. And, make no mistake, winning four straight Cups—Montreal set the record by getting five in

The Islanders found an improbable hero in Bob Bourne as they beat the Rangers and took aim at Stanley Cup No. 4 by **ALEXANDER WOLFF**

It Was Bourne Again And Again



a row from 1956 to '60—has obsessed the Islanders throughout a season that has been, by their standards, mediocre. That very obsession may have been the root of their mediocrity. So eager were the Islanders to stake a claim to immortality that they became less a hockey team than a bunch of historians.

"We wanted to be like Montreal six years ago when they only lost eight games," says Left Wing Bob Bourne, the unlikely hero of the series with the Rangers. "But things just started to fall apart." Although the Islanders had the league's stingiest defense during the regular season, their attack sputtered. They struggled to finish second behind Philadelphia in the Patrick Division and tied for sixth overall with a 42-26-12 record. The

tion alone wasn't going to beat a team as big and strong and deep as the Islanders, even with three of their most physical players, Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillies and Dave Langevin, hurting.

The 3-foot-tall, powder-blue, smirking Smurf decked out in a Ranger jersey at the Nassau Coliseum for Game 1 on April 14 was very cute. Less cute was how an Islander fan had fit the stuffed doll with a noose and was brandishing it as he paraded up and down the aisles. Very acute was how the mock hanging foreshadowed the 4-1 thrashing the Islanders were to give the Rangers.

Bourne had been playing left wing in Gillies' stead on a line with Duane (Dog) Sutter and Duane's younger brother, Brent (Pup) Sutter, since Gillies, who would not appear in the series, went down with a knee injury just before the end of the regular season. None of the

the way. Sutter, D., got his first NHL hat trick; Sutter, B., had a goal and an assist, and Bourne had another three assists. "We're a western Canada type of line," said Bourne afterward. (He's from Saskatchewan; the Sutters are from Alberta.) "Nothing fancy. If a guy's open, you give it to him. Sometimes a good player will wait for somebody to come at him before making a pass, but we pop it to the open guy right away. We don't do a lot of thinking out there."

With 36 seconds left in Game 2, the strains of Frank Sinatra's rendition of New York, New York, a Ranger anthem, wafted through the Coliseum. Given the time, place and score, this seemed a gratuitous slap at the Rangers. As it turned out, the song had been wired into the sound system by an electrician acting alone. Nevertheless, Brooks was incensed, and he demanded a postgame au-



The play of the series was a fifth-game coast-to-coast rush by Bourne, who split two Ranger defensemen en route.

Rangers, meanwhile, had gone 35-35-10 in their second year under Herb Brooks, the Olympic Goldfinger of a coach. But last season's late rush seemed to have promised more. It took a remark by Philadelphia Coach Bob McCammon, who had described the diminutive Ranger forwards as "Smurfs" before their opening playoff series, to inspire New York past the Flyers. Still, inspira-

tion alone wasn't going to beat a team as big and strong and deep as the Islanders, even with three of their most physical players, Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillies and Dave Langevin, hurting. The next night the Islanders were what Gillies would call "the best I've seen in 10 years." Even though their spiritual leader, Trottier, was out with a sprained left knee, the Islanders outshot the Rangers 47-23 and breezed to a 5-0 victory. Once more the Grenadiers led

dience with Islander President and General Manager Bill Torrey. "We've got a good rivalry going here, but stuff like that opens deep wounds," said Brooks. Torrey apologized. FAST-LANE ISLES BLINDING EXPRESSWAY INTO RUNAWAY, blared the Daily News.

Then the Islanders hit a bottleneck. In Game 3 at Madison Square Garden—45 miles by expressway, tunnel and Manhattan streets, from the Coliseum—the Rangers scored five times to rout Islander Goalie Billy Smith, who'd shut them out for more than 114 straight minutes. The Rangers beat his understudy, Roland Melanson, twice more. Into the third pe-

continued

riod they went, seemingly in cruise-control, ahead 7-2. But the Islanders struck for four goals, including two with a man down, and appeared to tie the game with :07 remaining when the red light acknowledged a Mike Bossy shot. Referee Bruce Hood, however, had blown his whistle after losing sight of the puck in the scramble in front of the net a moment earlier. The Rangers escaped 7-6, but their third-period collapse augured poorly for Game 4. DEATH-DEFYING FINISH, screamed the Post.

On the following night, though, Rang-

Further, throughout the series the Islanders had been doing the things that had characterized their performance the past three years in postseason play: killing penalties ruthlessly (they offed 83.9% for the series) and handling the puck with dexterity on the power play (they converted 30.4% of such opportunities). As the Islanders went home for Game 5, their main concern was getting Trotter back into the lineup. His absence had disoriented Bossy, a linemate. LET'S GET IT ON! drooled the Post.

Among Trotter's many intangible

Rangers, slipped the puck between another's skates, retrieved it and flipped it by Mio. "I haven't scored a goal like that since my junior days," he said. "It showed me I haven't lost it."

Earlier this season some were wondering, Bourne, 28, is a frank and talkative former farm boy who grew up just outside Netherhill, Saskatchewan (pop. 55) and in 1972 played baseball with the Class A Covington (Va.) Astros of the Appalachian League. He was platooned at first base with a righthand-hitting slugger named Clark Gillies. This is Bourne's

ninth year in the NHL, and he has scored more than 30 goals three times. This season, however, Bourne finished the regular season with just 20 goals. "Bobby was a lot like the team at the beginning of the season," says Torrey. "He couldn't buy a goal and then lost his confidence."

But Bourne has blossomed alongside Dog and Pup, who like to dump the puck into the offensive zone and let Bourne chase it. Bourne is so fast that the defense finds itself cheating toward the net to limit his effectiveness, and that opens up a cavity near the blue line from which the Sutters can let fly. "Brent's so good at anticipating, he takes advantage of that," says Torrey. "And he and Duane criss-cross very well." The Sutter-

Sutter-Bourne triad accounted for 32 of the Islanders' 71 points in this series. Twelve of them were provided by Bourne, who set a team record for most points in a playoff series.

None of this surprised a woman from Seaford, N.Y. named Barbara Stabner. She's a soothsayer who's known as The Seer of Seaford. The Islanders are destined to win a fourth consecutive Cup, with Bourne "emerging from the series on the energy level that will carry him to the heights of his career for the next two years," Stabner told *Newsday* before the playoffs began. Fact is, The Seer of Seaford has been correct before. She foresaw the Islanders' last three Cups. She correctly predicted seven of the eight first-

continued



With the score tied 2-2 in the third period of Game 6, Goring (91) got the series-winning goal.

er Goaltender Eddie Mio, a puckish fellow with a British rocker's 'do, hurled a shutout against the Islanders for almost 59 minutes of Game 4. He stopped 36 shots with an array of Rockette-style kicks and Gil Hodges glove-work. Mio did this despite being knocked, unprovoked, on his coccyx in the second period by Duane Sutter. Around the six-minute mark of the final period, with the Rangers leading 3-2, the organism struck up New York, New York. O solo Mio. Game: 3-1. Set: 2-2. EXPRESSWAY TIE-UP, roared the News.

Islander Coach Al Arbour wasn't going to panic. His club had gotten the shots it had wanted against Mio, he said, but simply couldn't put them by him.

strength is a knack for being in the right place at the right time. When he not only started Game 5 but also scored its first goal in a characteristically opportunistic way, a Ken Morrow shot caroming off his skate and into the net, the other Islanders fell into line. Six minutes later, Bossy had a goal called back—he swears it went in—but it hardly mattered. Outshooting the Rangers 43-20, the Islanders rolled 7-2. "We were brutal in the defensive zone, and we were brutal without the puck," said Brooks. ISLANDERS MAKE IT HURT, boomed *Newsday*.

No one had pained the Rangers more than Bourne, who again contributed three assists and scored on a coast-to-coast dash, during which he eluded three



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round playoff winners this year. What's more, she says, she placed Burt and Loni in Spittsville long before the *National Enquirer* did.

"I see it ending tonight," she said as the series returned to the Garden for Game 6, with Rangers Dave Maloney, Mike Allison, Mike Rogers and the future Mr. Carol Alt (a.k.a. Ron Greshner) all hoers de combat. "I was a little cloudy, but now I see it."

The Islanders have never minded facing the Rangers on their home ice. "All of us love playing in the Garden," said Duane Sutter. "The fans there are so . . . ugly." You need a degree in proctology to understand the epithets some of them hurl at the Islanders. Islander fans are less scatological, but more sarcastic. In both games at the Coliseum they serenaded Ron Duguay, the Ranger forward who spends off-evenings among the Eurohazards at Manhattan discos, with wolf whistles every time he touched the puck

All the Rangers were subjected to chants of "Nineteen forty, nineteen forty," a snide reminder of when they last won the Cup. The players, by comparison, treat one another with Etonian respect.

"I've always liked the Rangers," says Bourne. "I just don't like Ranger fans. I've never seen people so vulgar, like a bunch of animals, in my entire life. To

call other human beings what they do. . . . Maybe I'm naive, but that gets me pumped up."

The Islanders won the finale by finally unleashing their money line of John (Mad Dog) Tonelli, Butch Goring and Bob Nystrom. These three always seem to come up with critical goals in big games. In this case Goring scored to break a 2-2 tie in the final period. "Coming out for the third we had 20 guys fighting to be heroes," said Tonelli, who got the Islanders' first goal and fed Goring for their second and third. "Butch and Bobby Ny and I really wanted to have a big game. We love that kind of pressure."

Torrey had applied pressure of his own. At about the time The Seer of Seaford was making her playoff picks—after disposing of Boston, the Islanders will defeat Chicago—Torrey was busy in the Islander locker room, posting and captioning a black-and-white UPI photo of Coach Toe Bliske and Marcel Bonin hoisting Montreal's fourth straight Cup. "History is yours for the making," he wrote. While history was once a handicap, it now seems to inspire.

After Game 6 Denis Potvin, the Islander captain, spoke of his team's depth. Trotter had done half-duty, Bossy had hardly been a factor (four points for the series) and Smith had been uneven in goal, yet the Islanders won going away. "And tonight we got another line scoring," he said with a little awe. **ISLES DEEP-6 RANGERS**, postmortemed the *Post*.

In the Islanders' grand scheme, that's just the bulldog edition. There's a headline all set to run in the sports final of their minds. It goes something like, **TAB ISLES HAB HEIRS**. **END**



In the finale Mikko Leinonen stuck the puck (lower right) past an unusually erratic Smith.



Ranger Anders Hedberg and mates had high hopes until they were upended in Game 6.

last spring I packed my pen and ink and traveled to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. I've put my impressions of the race and the rites that go with it into a series of sketches, including this one of the start. When the horses broke from the gate I was only 10 feet away and I could feel the incredible power being released. It was more startling than a lift-off of the space shuttle.

Ken Dallison



And They're Off!



Karl Deltano



Preston and Anita Madden



The guests at Hamburg Place came dressed as witches, heroes, devils - and themselves.



Walpurgismnacht, a sort of spring Halloween, was the theme of the Maddens' party.

The Lexington Ballet school danced at the Perlman estate.



Robyn Perlman and guest Dennis Cole

Even Phyllis Diller was there.



The days before the Derby are filled with all kinds of parties and the Pegasus Parade. Anita Madden's costume party, held at her family's 2,000-acre Hamburg Place estate, is famous and elegant, while Robyn Perlman's extravagant afternoon lawn party is set amid the precisely fenced and groomed fields of the Bluegrass Country. Though it rained on the parade, it was still fun.

Kristi Martin of Shelbyville, Ky. rode Pegasus.

Yes, that's Phyllis George, Gov. John Y. and Lincoln Brown.

It even rained on Boss Hoggy from The Dukes of Hazzard.



Roberta Flack and Mean Joe Greene waved to the crowd.

Kim J. Dalton

The local Triple A club was on the road, so the guys in the front office donned uniforms.

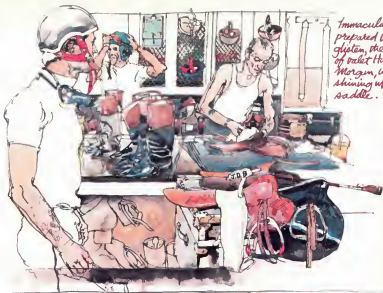
El Baba, the second
choice in the Derby, gets
an early washdown
from groom Karen
Zimmer.

Casualaria,
the over-eyed
horse

This backstretch
dog was very
patient
with his
master's
son of
humor.

EXERCISE BOYS & GIRLS
ALSO
ONLY BOYS & GIRLS
BUY YEAR HERMETIC

Ken Robinson



Immaculately prepared boots glisten, the work of valet Harold Morgan, who's shining up a saddle.



Ken Dillman

It's dawn on Derby Day. The sun is just beginning to shine on the spires of Churchill Downs as horses circle the track, looking like steam engines as they rhythmically exhale into the cool air. The pressure is mounting; along the backstretch there's very little talking. In the jock's room the racing silks are clean and ready for the day ahead.



A very inspiring hat



Only two more minutes to pick a Derby winner.

RACE
MINUTES
TO POST



Did you know that until 1918 it was frowned on for a woman to place her own bets at Churchill Downs?



At that price no wonder they let you keep the glass.



No one's lonely in the infield. You don't see much racing there-which is a shame because the 1982 Derby was a dilly of an upset- but everyone has a good time. The morning after can be a little tough, though.



The grandstand crowd roars as the horses turn for home. El Baba's jockey wields his whip as he tries to break clear, but moving up on the outside, just entering the picture, is Gato del Sol, on his way to winning the 108th Kentucky Derby.



Ken Dalmon

Big Fish In A Big Pond



Rosario is a boxer who fights to fish, whether he's trapping lobster, netting sharks or

Edwin Rosario should not be going near the water. He's fighting off *la monga*—the lousy feeling that precedes a cold—and he has decided not to work out this afternoon, his first break after five weeks of intense training. Someone jokes that Rosario's trainer, Manny Siaca, is spying nearby, and Rosario laughs nervously; Siaca would not want

him here on the shore of the Punta Lastra lagoon in Toa Baja, a city about 20 miles west of San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Rosario lives a few miles away in the small village of Campanillas, but the lagoon is as close to his real home as anything. He has been swimming in it since he was three years old. The blue-green Atlantic, in which Rosario often goes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO

Even in the deep pool of lightweight talent, 20-year-old Edwin Rosario may be the toughest boxer to catch

by JACK MCCALLUM



spearing bass in the Atlantic off Toa Baja.

spearfishing, is a few hundred yards away, separated from the lagoon by Route 167, or *la carretera de la muerte*, the highway of death, so named because of the local legend that murderers dump bodies off the road here.

Rosario sheds his yellow tennis shorts, tucks them between the headlight and fender of his 1977 Buick Landau, dons

his mask and snorkel and slides into the lagoon in his underwear. "Ah, a millionaire couldn't live any better than this,"

Rosario says. He disappears under the water to spy the sawfish, barracuda, whitefish and occasional sea bass that drift in from the ocean, and in an in-your-face challenge to *la murga*, he won't return to the beach for an hour.

At 20, Rosario isn't yet a millionaire. But he will be—and soon. He's the brightest star in a lightweight division that, even with the abdication of Alexis Arguello as WBC champion, boasts a galaxy of young notables. But unlike Boom Boom Mancini, the current WBA champion, Howard Davis, the 1976 Olympic 132-pound champion, and the brash Hector (Macho) Camacho, Rosario is virtually unknown.

On Sunday, Rosario and Jose Luis Ramirez, the WBC's No. 1 and 2 contenders, respectively, will meet at Coliseo Roberto Clemente in San Juan for the right to succeed Arguello. The biggest-money fight in the 135-pound division, it's generally considered, would be Rosario vs. Camacho, a pairing of precocious 20-year-olds who are polar opposites in style and temperament.

"Camacho, Camacho, Camacho," Rosario says. "He's too young yet. He has speed but he doesn't have this [Rosario points to his temple with his right index finger]. No combinations, just speed. He's just a boy who likes to talk too much."

Cus D'Amato, who trained champions like Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres, is a Rosario fan. "In a match between Rosario and Camacho, I would lean toward Rosario. They are equally fast, but Rosario has a better sense of anticipation."

Partly because Rosario doesn't talk too much—and speaks only Spanish when he does—and also because of his lack of exposure—ABC's broadcast of Sunday's fight will be only his third network appearance—he remains mainly a local hero. Around Toa Baja, pop musicians dedicate songs to him, and some of the young fans wear T-shirts bearing his likeness and the caption ROSARIO, NUESTRO FUTURO.

If Rosario is indeed "our future," however, he will not ride into the limelight on the same wave of showmanship that brought national acclaim to fellow Puerto Ricans Wilfredo Gomez, the WBC super bantamweight champion, and Wilfred Benitez, a three-time cham-

pion. Though Rosario and Benitez are both managed by Jimmy Jacobs, they are hardly amigos. A few months ago, in fact, they honeymooned simultaneously at the same hotel in Dorado Beach, but only nodded at each other once or twice in the dining room. "They're just not my type," Rosario says of Gomez and Benitez. Too stylish in the ring, too talkative out of it for his taste.

However, Rosario's lack of flash could work against him. "He's a mechanical fighter, a stoneface," says Mort Sharmik, a boxing consultant for CBS. "He doesn't fight with any great flair. He doesn't move to any mambo beat."

"When I saw Camacho the first time I knew he had incredible talent and presence. Sure, Rosario could change, he's young. But I have the feeling it's like the leopard with his spots."

Jacobs, who purchased Rosario's contract from Sica three years ago for \$80,000, likes his spots. "I think he'll turn out to be a better investment than Benitez," says Jacobs, who, along with a partner, bought Benitez' contract for \$75,000 in 1978. Benitez, the former junior welterweight, welterweight and junior middleweight champion, has made about \$6.5 million in purses since then.

Till now, the undefeated Rosario has been primarily a puncher with a cannon in either hand. Only one of his 17 pro fights has gone the distance, and in that, a decision over James Martinez on the Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns undercard in Las Vegas on Sept. 16, 1981, he won all 10 rounds according to two ring officials and nine according to the third. A sampling of what he has done:

He knocked out Refugio Rojas on June 25, 1981 with a right to the chin, followed by a left cross. A smashing left to the nose took out Roberto Garcia five months later. In his next fight he flattened Ernesto Herrera with one punch to the body. He unleashed a barrage of rights and lefts to chop down the lather-day Ezzard Charles in the third round of his next fight. Impressive, yes, but hardly a championship strain of opponents.

Most observers thought Edwin Viruet, a tough, experienced pro who had gone 25 rounds in two losses to Roberto Duran (one of them a split decision) and 15 rounds in another loss to Esteban DeJesus, Rosario's personal hero, would be a tough match for Rosario when they met in Las Vegas in May of 1982. But Rosario stunned Viruet with a straight right in the

continued



Siaca (right), Rosario's trainer since he was eight, keeps the mood in the gym serious.

EDWIN ROSARIO *continued*

second round and nearly finished him off. In the third, Rosario was against the ropes when Viruet hit him with a left to the head. Rosario quickly spun off and threw a bomb of a right to the head that knocked Viruet out.

Rosario may appear to be less skilled as a boxer than he is because the style taught him by Siaca calls for him to stay close to his opponent. He slips punches primarily by bobbing and weaving, rarely by stepping back or ducking his head, and he does very little dancing. Though he's not a Joe Frazier type—take three

punches to give one good one—he's usually in a position to strike. The big test for him, then, will come when a heavy hitter like Camacho stuns him and forces him to alter his close-range attack. It hasn't happened yet. In 30 amateur bouts—Rosario lost only two—and 17 as a pro, he has never been in real trouble.

Certainly, Rosario would like to score a knockout Sunday, in his first bout before the home folks in more than three years. But he may have to rely on his boxing skills more than his punching power because last June he broke the scaphoid bone in his right wrist on the head of sparring partner Blaine Dixon. Only

time, and Ramirez, will tell if the injury has affected his punching power.

The boxing genes in the Rosario family were passed down from Pastor Rosario, Edwin's paternal grandfather. Pastor was a handsome man with smooth mocha, or *trigueño*, coloring like Edwin's, but he was tough and he liked to fight in the streets. "He would fight anywhere, anytime," says Antonio Rosario, Pastor's son and Edwin's father. "He hit someone and they could not get up."

Pastor and his wife, Juanita Montes, had 19 children, of whom Antonio is the oldest. All except one of the children were born in Puerto Rico, but Antonio's parents spent much of their life in Allentown, Pa. Antonio liked it better in his native land and stayed in Santurce, a suburb of San Juan. At age 19 he took a civil service job and later married Elizabeth Rivera. Shortly after the last of their five children was born, the Rosarios bought a lot in Ingenio, a suburb of Toa Baja, where they live today in a small house.

When Luis, Edwin's 29-year-old brother, was a teen-ager, a neighbor brought him to Siaca's gym in Levittown, about 10 miles from Ingenio. One of Luis' nicknames was "Chapotín," after the dolphin Flipper. Luis was an excellent boxer, and almost anyone who saw both brothers in action says Luis was better than Edwin. "He was as good a boxer and puncher as you'll see," Siaca says. "He would've been a champion, I'm sure of it. I saw him put Wilfredo Gomez down in the gym. He had a straight right hand like nobody's you ever saw."

Luis had 18 victories in 19 professional fights—the only loss was a disputed 10-round decision to former bantamweight champion Alfonso Zamora in Madison Square Garden on Jan. 18, 1979—an excellent record considering that he'd been using heroin for several years. Mostly at the urging of Edwin, Luis checked into Promesa, a drug rehabilitation center in the Bronx last November. Edwin visited him when he came to New York for treatment on his wrist. Luis is improving, but it's doubtful that he'll ever box again.

"They say each man is a different world," says Elizabeth, the boys' mother. And she's glad of that. "Edwin has



In his most recent fight, last May, Rosario crumpled Viruet, a tough cookie, in three.

THE EXOTIC AMERICAN.

The new Corvette is born.
And it will take you
places you've never been
before.



ZERO TO 300,000

Now that's quick thinking. But the new Corvette's twin computers can handle it. Processing more than 300,000 instructions each operating second, these electronic wizards are designed to execute specific, individually programmed workloads.

The primary computer, Computer Command Control, has an Electronic

Control Module which controls vital functions such as spark timing, idle speed, fuel delivery and automatic transmission converter clutch.

Corvette's second computer functions as a monitor, calculator and transmitter of vital data to the driver with astounding speed and precision. For example, speedometer and



I IN ONE SECOND.

tachometer bar graphs are updated every 65 milliseconds. The computer simultaneously handles computations like average fuel consumption and mileage range in less than 3 milliseconds. And to display a total of 14 instrument readouts in 9 display areas, the microcomputer scans each piece of data for conformity to

acceptable operating range and alerts the driver whenever these ranges have been exceeded.

This is the wave of the future. Modern science and advanced technology as the servants of humankind, providing better communication between the man, the machine and the road.



THE STORY BEHIND THE



a precision skeleton as it "builds" the new Corvette uniframe, apply 142 accurate welds in 97 seconds.

The solid fiberglass body continues to be one of the most enduring qualities of the Corvette. Advanced techniques have provided a smoother degree of beauty this year.

A hydraulic towveyor system in assembly is specially built to marry the chassis to the body. Its interlocking system helps assure that every contact point will have a precision match.

It takes design sophistication to be the best sports car in the world.

And the new Corvette has some very quick lines. A most acute

windshield rake for a production car, front and rear side-mounted cornering lamps, twin sport mirrors that are electrically adjusted and aerodynamically shaped and four functional circular taillights are among its many design features.

The new Corvette was shaped in GM's wind tunnel for the lowest drag coefficient of any Corvette ever tested: .341. Advanced methods of monitoring turbulence as it relates to a moving car were employed to achieve wind assistance rather than wind resistance.

With most hidden headlamps when you flip the lights up they act as air brakes, and all those late nights designing an aerodynamic hood were in vain. But on the new Corvette, the retractable headlamps



The first American production sports car hit the streets in 1953. And the legend immediately took charge, stirring the souls of driving enthusiasts from Woodward Avenue to Van Nuys Boulevard.

The name "Vette" embodied all the freedom and romance of the '50s and '60s, typifying the American life-style—fast, young and sexy.

But there's a new Corvette on the scene. And it's the most comprehensively packaged automobile of all time. One with advanced styling, innovative engineering, high technology, quality and comfort. This is the story behind the new Corvette. And that is what it takes to be the best production sports car in the world.

The culmination of 30 years of evolutionary engineering dedicated to the one true American sports car.

We are committed to excellence in production, in order to achieve excellence in the product itself. Each morning, a select group of salaried and hourly employees meets to examine the cars in detail and search for ways to assure and enhance the quality of the new Corvette.



The quality starts from the inside out. A match check

frame serves as a full-size "blue-print" to check structural parts to minute tolerance limits.

The galvanized steel uniframe has been engineered to be light in weight yet stiff

in bearing and torsioning. This rigid structure is vital to the sports car ride and handling achieved in the new Corvette.

One of the hardest workers on our assembly line, a two-stage automatic welder, produces



The pride of Chevrolet is its people. This dedicated team is using vast technological resources to build the legend that will reaffirm your pride in American ingenuity and skill.

: BEST PRODUCTION SPO

roll forward 158 degrees with authority and are teardrop shaped so that this Vette will slip through the wind at night and during the day.

The frameless rear glass hatch opens wide when you activate an interior switch to provide convenient access to the rear compartment.

The front and rear integrated bumper system on the new Corvette is an excellent example of

dynamics help reduce cockpit turbulence. And the top stores conveniently in a rigid lockdown position in the rear compartment when you're riding with the wind and bolts securely into place with a special wrench when there's stormy weather ahead.

Don't worry if you find yourself in a fog. The halogen fog lamps will help you see in foul weather.

The inner space of the new Corvette is a very pleasant environment in which to conduct the business of driving. Some of the standard features include air conditioning, tilt and telescoping steering wheel,

power windows, side window defoggers, and windshield wiper and washer controls which are mounted on the driver's door for easier access.

The ergonomic design of the seats and seat belt system holds you in position and conforms to the curves and contours of your body as if it were individually designed for you.

The space-age instrumentation of the new Corvette is something to behold. Electronic liquid crystals display multi-colored readouts, both analog and digital. Speed, revolutions and numeric readouts of engine and electrical conditions are

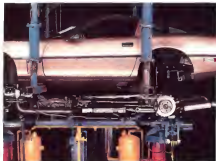
provided in your choice of languages: English or metric.

The result of these new design and manufacturing technologies is the best production sports car in the world. A new Corvette with



outstanding electronic technology, advanced styling, innovative engineering, impressive quality and ergonomic comfort.

Besides being the best production sports car in the world, it has remarkable handling. The suspension solution that gives the new Corvette the agility of a mountain lion features a single, fiberglass monoleaf transverse spring in front in lieu of the traditional coils. You've also got forged aluminum arms and knuckles, sta-



the "designed-in" rather than "tacked-on" approach to automotive design. Energy from a low-speed impact is absorbed by the system, which assumes its original shape after the pressure of impact is released.

The bold black protective side molding is designed-in to cover the only horizontal body seam.

The clamshell hood, a design seen on many of the world's great racetracks, can now be seen on the street in the new Corvette. The hood and front fenders open forward for easy service access to the engine and front suspension.

Lift off a full-width, one-piece fiberglass roof section

to create
a true open-air
feeling. Applied aero-

RTS CAR IN THE WORLD.



bilizer bars and telescoping shocks working for you.

Goodyear worked closely with Chevrolet engineers. The result is the 16-inch Goodyear Eagle VR, available on the Special Wheels and Tires Package, or the Z51 Performance Handling Package, a unidirectional tire modeled after Goodyear's Formula One rain tire found on race courses around the

Cross-Fire Injection V8. What all this means is the new Z51-equipped Vette, on the test track, can reach a top speed of 142 MPH and 0 to 60 times of 6.8 seconds. It's a new and exclusive version of our renowned small-block V8, for a completely new Corvette.

To get this power to the road, there's a 4-speed automatic transmission with overdrive. In the first three gears it performs like a conventional 3-speed automatic transmission. When the vehicle reaches cruising speed, the transmission automatically shifts into overdrive. Once in overdrive the engine turns slower and it doesn't have to work as hard. This adds up to smooth cruising with reduced engine wear.

The torque converter clutch provides the convenience of an automatic transmission with the performance features of a direct drive, manual transmission.



world. So impressive is this new technology that, once mounted, there's a specifically engineered tire for each side for a new kind of performance.

The muscle behind the motion of the new Corvette is a 5.7 Liter 350 CID twin-throttle body,

Because a car that goes fast must also stop fast, the Girlock brake system has been introduced to the new Corvette. These high-performance

brakes have 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " discs and a low-drag, aluminum caliper design for reduced weight and remarkable vehicle dynamics. In the hands of a professional



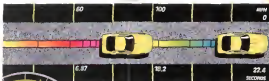
driver, on the test track the new Corvette can go from 0 to 100 MPH and back to 0 again in 22.4 seconds!

Lateral acceleration is a critical test of a sports car's cornering capability. With the available Z51 Performance Handling Package, Corvettes were reaching lateral forces of .95g's in tests on GM's skidpad. This is a remarkable achievement for a car designed for grand touring.



THE NEW CORVETTE.

Balance was the key to creating a vehicle capable of producing a high level of all-around sports car performance. This means virtually an equal weight distribution on all four wheels of the car, resulting in remarkable braking, acceleration, cornering, straight-line performance, overall ride and comfort.



The acoustics experts at Delco and Bose have combined forces to create a 5-unit, wraparound sound system so advanced.

so unique, so tailored to the new Corvette interior that amplifier/speaker modules would have to be modified if the nap of the carpeting were changed. This optional system includes an AM/FM stereo ETR™ radio with digital clock, "Seek and Scan" and cassette.

The system of painting the new Corvette is one of the most advanced in the world. New paints, new chemistry and a new multi-step process in our brand-new Corvette plant are employed to achieve the beautifully radiant Corvette finish.

To help you protect your investment there's the Passive Theft Deterrent system with starter interrupt. It's specially de-

signed for the new Corvette. It's also standard.

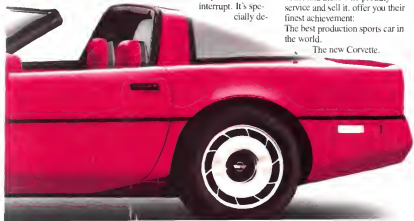
To help you protect some of your other investments, a roller-shade security panel is built into the rear compartment to keep your personal belongings hidden.



This marks the beginning of a new era in which the American automobile, by redefining the limits of gravity, space and time, has joined the elite of the exotic sports car world.

The Chevrolet family of people who have conceived and who construct the new Corvette, and those who proudly service and sell it, offer you their finest achievement: The best production sports car in the world.

The new Corvette.





**COME ON IN
AND OPEN ONE UP.**

USA-1 TAKING CHARGE

CHEVROLET

observed what his brother has gone through. He has taken the right road."

That road began, as it did for Luis, at Siaca's gym when Edwin was eight years old. The place is well-equipped, well-attended and well-managed by Siaca. It's situated in a room built by Siaca in a corner of La Pista de Levittown, a dilapidated public stadium now used primarily as a jogging area. Siaca doesn't suffer interlopers lightly: There's a guard at the door, which is kept locked during workouts, and Siaca has installed a barbed wire "net" to greet those who would gain entry through a crawl space between the ceiling and the side wall.

Siaca has a number of assistants, including Antonio, who has been helping out—holding Vaseline jars, lacing up gloves, etc.—since Luis started boxing. Antonio is now cornerman for Edwin and dominoes partner when they travel. Antonio always wears a cap, and Edwin chuckles at the sight of his father, who's only about 5' 2" compared to his 5' 6", peering through the ropes when he fights. "All you can see of him is his face and that hat," Edwin says.

Siaca requires that each of his boxers shakes hands with everyone else in the gym, friend or stranger, upon entry and departure. "I think you have to show respect to everyone," says Siaca, who with his short hair, goatee and roundish body resembles a Beat Generation jazz musician.

Edwin didn't command respect when he was a skinny youngster. "It was kind of a joke when Edwin started boxing," Siaca says. As a pre-teen Edwin was a better shortstop and second baseman than a boxer—"I was a champ on the double play," he says—and even when he started boxing as an amateur at age 13, "he used to tell me, 'I'd rather play baseball,'" Antonio says. But once he gained confidence, helped by sparring sessions with Luis and other pros around the gym, he became unstoppable.

He also has no lack of confidence with women, as 36-year-old Rafael Torres, a fisherman who shared Rosario's house before Rosario's marriage three months ago to 18-year-old Alma Linda Melicio Rodriguez, can attest.

Rosario's sense of humor runs from the subtle to the bizarre. When Siaca says he doesn't care for Rosario's fishing expeditions, Rosario says, "No, he only likes to eat the fish." Then there was the time that Rosario hired five *focas* (homosexuals) to pounce on Torres when he awakened from a nap. He seems to be the quintessential quiet boy who instigates from the back of the classroom without

is considering recording a song he wrote several years ago entitled *Llévame Contigo* (Take Me With You). The first two lines: "Take me with you wherever you go/I wait for you crying, crying for your love."

Rosario admires the old fishermen around Ton Baja more than he does any boxer except, perhaps, DeJesus, who's now serving a life sentence in a Puerto Rican prison for murder. Out of the ring, Edwin walks the road of the *pescadores*, and it has kept him away from the temptations that brought down others around him.

Rosario has been fishing since he was a boy. A few months ago he and Torres snagged a 700-pound hammerhead shark with a net and sold the meat. He fishes from a boat or underwater with a spear gun, or he spends his time setting lobster traps. "Everything but sitting on the shore with a pole," Edwin says. "That's for old men."

His love of the sea goes beyond fishing. He likes to row or take walks on the beach with Alma, or he'll just swim alone, staying in the water for four hours at a time. Naturally, he does his five-mile morning run on the Punta Salinas road along the ocean. He seems to most enjoy playing *tour guide* for visitors as he hops barefoot along the needle-sharp coral rocks at the ocean's edge: "Look here, look here. This is where we caught the shark. This is where we go for shrimp. That point over there is good for catfish." Asked whether he prefers boxing or fishing more, he replies, "Fishing."

"Sometimes I can't believe it's the same guy in the ring that I know," Torres says. Rosario doesn't train with any ferocity. Siaca sets his regimen; Rosario just follows. "He's gotten a lot more serious lately," says one of Siaca's gym rats, 17-year-old Edwin Rodriguez. "He used to fool around and make jokes, but not anymore."

For Rosario, boxing is a means to an end. "All I want someday is to have a house by the beach, to be near the water, do my fishing," he says. And while he goes after that goal, it's going to be no day at the beach for his opponents. **END**



Rosario has treated all opponents as if they were drums.

getting caught. He admits that while he stays relatively *tranquilo*, he likes his friends to be the opposite. That probably explains the success of his relationship with the hyperactive Siaca.

Though Alma says Edwin doesn't like to be told he's wrong, he has to this point avoided the excessively macho displays of many Latino boxers. A short while ago the newlyweds learned that Alma is pregnant. "He's infatuated with the idea, very proud, much more than me," Alma says. Edwin is also serious about the conga drums on which he practices regularly in his home, and a local trio, Los Fariones,

Joan Benoit stood calmly at the Boston Marathon starting line on April 18, serene amid chaos. Around her, tiny Hopkinton, Mass. was enduring its annual Patriots Day siege. Helicopters whirled overhead. The 6,574 shivering runners nervously shed their disposable old sweaters and plastic garbage bags, wedged together on the narrow road and were astonished at the warmth generated within their mass.

Many of the competitors had rows of numbers inked on their wrists or palms, the times they hoped to hit at intermediate points. Benoit was clean. She had a goal, an immodest one, but it was secret. Besides, an even pace this day would be

reckless swiftness. Her time for the first mile was 4:47, a bare 11 seconds slower than her personal best for the distance. "Rumor had it that Allison was going to sit on my tail," she would say later. "I wasn't going to wait around and play cat and mouse."

Roe wouldn't see Benoit for the rest of the race. She led by a minute at five miles, which she reached so quickly that race officials missed her completely. At 10 miles her time was 51:38, shattering her American record at that distance by a gaudy minute and 40 seconds. Noting her pace, an experienced male runner near Benoit had already told her, "You better watch it, lady."

The Marathon's Maine Woman

Down East runner Joan Benoit strode into downtown Beantown with a stunning world best—2:22:42 by KENNY MOORE and LISA TWYMAN

subordinate to racing tactics. That was because nearby trotted Allison Roe of New Zealand, the women's world-record holder at 2:25:29.

The morning before, Roe had telephoned Benoit with the news that Grete Waitz of Norway, who had brought the women's record down more than nine minutes in the 1978, '79 and '80 New York Marathons and from whom Roe had wrested the mark by 13 seconds in the 1981 New York race, had that day tied the record in the London Marathon. Roe's intent in passing this along was to encourage Benoit to join in a record attempt. But Benoit, holder of the U.S. women's mark at 2:26:11, joins nothing but battle. "Usually there's somebody I want to run into the ground," she told Roe. "But my goal tomorrow is just to run the best race I'm capable of."

At the gun Benoit boomed out with

Indeed, the sensational start seemed to place Benoit in mortal peril. A blazing early pace is, typically, the way runners come unhinged at Boston. There are lots of tempting downhill in the early going. Their price isn't exacted until the last eight miles. A year earlier Waitz had run at a 2:23 pace until the last three miles, but her thighs were so shocked by the pounding by then that they cramped and she couldn't finish.

Benoit knew this. She's the women's distance coach at Boston University. Yet she charged undeterred through the cheers from Wellesley College students to reach the halfway point in 1:08:23. "Two-seventeen pace," she thought. "This isn't right." Even her secret goal had been only 2:24. She had told intimates to expect a spectacular race from her, but whether it would be one of revelation or collapse she didn't yet know.





Benoit, at 25, is defined by both startling athletic achievement and collapse. Her competitive tenacity strikes many as incongruous with her 5' 3", 105-pound Campbell's Soup-kid appearance. But it is never far from the surface, and it often has compelled her to damage herself in the hunt for better performance.

She began as a downhill skier, natural for the daughter of André Benoit of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, because he'd been an enlisted man in the Tenth Mountain Division, fighting in the Italian Alps in World War II. "Her first race was a little thing, only halfway down the bunny slope," he recalls. "Joanie won. She was only in the third grade, but you could see the exhilaration in her face."

Character revealed. She seemed such a cute, soft, quiet child. Only in sport did the wildness show. The look that her father saw as exhilaration, others, watching her run in later years, took to be a deep hunger. "Her eyes," a voice in the crowd once remarked as she passed, "are as hungry as a shark's."

Skating showed the absolutist in her. At age 16 she appealed to her parents to let her transfer from Cape Elizabeth High to Burke Mountain School in Vermont, because there she could ski eight hours a day and be tutored in the evening.

"By mutual agreement, we decided it wasn't the best thing," says her father.

Benoit remembers it differently. "He said no." There was absolutism in the father as well.

It was skiing that first hurt her. In her sophomore year in high school she broke her right leg while slalom racing. The cast came off 10 weeks later, and she started running to rehabilitate the atrophied limb. By her senior year in high school, her mile time was down to 5:15.

But she couldn't yet abandon all her other sports. She played basketball and tennis in high school and co-captained the field-hockey team. When she went to Bowdoin, among the pines and stone outcroppings of Brunswick, Maine, she kept on with field hockey. Then in her sopho-

continued

Benoit rose to the occasion by breaking the women's best by two minutes, 47 seconds.

Through generations
of champions and challengers
and children first discovering
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more year she was benched for turning up at a game unable to move at more than a trot because she'd run a half marathon the day before, finishing second. In response, the absolutist emerged.

After that season she quit field hockey—and Bowdoin—to go to North Carolina State, to train with the prodigiously gifted Julie Shea. Benoit was miserable there. Shea tore her up in workouts. And she never felt comfortable in the South. "I'm a Yankee," she says. "I missed Maine. I missed the ocean." She went home after three semesters, returned to Bowdoin, studying history and the envi-

ronment, and has based herself in New England ever since.

She has now become an accomplished exponent of the trades of her region. She is an experienced lobsterwoman, in both the trapping and the cooking. She knits soft wool sweaters that depict farm scenes overhung with knit apple trees and knit apples. She square-dances, puts up delicious preserves, collects stamps. And she loves to take long runs in the peaceful morning countryside.

It was these that prepared her for her first Boston Marathon, in 1979, her senior year at Bowdoin. She had slept on a friend's floor the night before. They got stuck in an immense traffic jam before the race. "I just got out of the car and ran through the woods," she says. "I must have backtracked two miles to the start. I remember thinking, 'I hope I didn't warm up too much.'"

She had time to cool, trapped back in the pack, waiting to run after the gun had gone off. She moved into the lead after 19 miles. At the 23-mile mark she picked up a Red Sox cap from a friend. And that was what she wore as she crossed the finish line in the rain, an upset winner in the women's race with an American record of 2:35:15.

At once she was thrust into the maelstrom of delirious attention that swirls about a Boston winner: interviews, invitations, offers, the phone ringing, always ringing. There was even a movie producer demanding her portfolio. "Just a few poses in leotard and tennis and cheerleading outfits," he said. "Yeah, right," said Benoit, restraining herself.

All this celebrity became a vexation to a private young woman from Maine who had done what she had done not to be famous, but because a long hard run was what she seemed born for. "I hated the publicity," she says. "I hated it so much that I seriously considered giving up running so I would be left alone."

That would be O.K. with her mother. The extremity to which the marathon forces Joan is repellent to Nancy Benoit. Once she sent her daughter a picture of herself crossing a marathon finish line, pale and limp and chilled. She attached a note that read, "Joanie, if marathons make you look like this, please don't run any more. Love, Mom."

Benoit passed 15 miles in this year's Boston race in 1:18:56. She was still on 2:17 pace. Jacqueline Gareau of Canada, who had won in 1980 after the chicanery of

Rosie Ruiz had been exposed, was moving up to second, where she would finish with 2:29:27. "There is fear when you do what Joan did," she would say. "Maybe you will break down."

"I was getting a little scared by the splits," Benoit would say. "But heck, I felt so good."

That's a relative term for a marathoner. She had been developing blisters since six miles. Now, at 17 miles, she got a stitch in her side. She slowed slightly and took some water. Minutes later at that same spot, Roe dropped out with leg cramps.

Benoit's stride is not long, but rapid, her heels rising high behind her. She maintained her cadence over the hills, and at 20 miles her time was 1:46:44. She was slowing but still well ahead of record pace. At 21 miles, Heartbreak Hill was behind her, too.

Hers are Achilles' heels. They became chronically sore in 1979, when in the span of four days she ran a marathon and two-mile, 800-meter and 10,000-meter races. Both Achilles tendons tightened so that she couldn't walk for days. Her good races after that, including two American-record half marathons, were achieved in pain. She wondered whether running was worth it. "She kept chickening out of surgery," says Bob Sevens, her Athletics West coach. "Finally she gave the surgeon a shot, even though we practically had to drag her into the hospital."

During the operation degenerated bursa sacs in both heels were taken out. The right tendon was partially ruptured. Scar tissue and bone spurs had to be removed. The doctor put walking casts on both of Benoit's legs. But two days after getting out of the hospital she was pedaling furiously on a stationary bicycle. "The little body tends to hide the tiger," says Sevens. "But of all the people I've ever coached, she is the most tenacious."

She also worked on Nautilus machines. And when the casts came off, she added swimming workouts. "My overall strength and fitness increased," Benoit says. "I was hungry to get going."

Thus she did last spring and summer with U.S. bests for 10 miles and for the half marathon. In August she shattered Watt's course record at the 7.1-mile Falmouth road race by 39 seconds, with a 36:34. "A friend got married the night before the race," she said. "I won Falmouth on vodka and wedding cake."

continued



Other women left far behind, Benoit raced men in Boston.

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Mom hates marathons and Dad prefers skiing, but they can understand Joan's native yen for knitting and antiques.



JOAN BENOIT continued

In September, in what now seems a harbinger of a race, she ran the Nike Marathon in Eugene, Ore. She heard no accurate splits after her halfway time of 1:11:20, thought she had slowed too much for any kind of mark and then finished sprinting in an American woman's record 2:26:11, the third-best marathon time ever run by a woman. An hour and a half after the race she was getting her hands all scratched up picking the large blackberries that grew near the course. "I'd stay in a berry patch all summer," she said, "so long as I didn't get poison ivy. I ran here instead of the Chicago Marathon because I knew about those. Chicago doesn't have any blackberries."

Benoit put in a good winter's training before the Boston Marathon. She ran well in cross-country, indoors and on the

roads. In March she led the U.S. women to the world cross-country title in Gateshead, England. Waitz won the individual title. Benoit was fourth.

Two days before that race, she went out on a purportedly gentle 10-mile run with a not entirely decrepit past Olympic marathoner who prefers not to be named and practically killed him on the uphills. "It was like I was back being destroyed by Gerry Lindgren again," he marveled later.

If that weren't enough indication of fitness, a treadmill test measuring

maximum oxygen consumption that Benoit took in the winter was. Men, science says, score higher on this measure of aerobic capacity than do women. For example, Greg Meyer, this year's Boston men's winner with a sterling time of 2:09:00, consumes 80 milliliters of oxygen per kilogram of body weight per minute at full effort. By contrast, Mary Decker Tabb tested at 67 ml/kg/min. three years ago. By more amazing contrast, Benoit's reading is 79, the highest ever by a woman. The test cannot predict performance, but is a guide to potential. "Confirms what we already knew," says Sevens. "She's nowhere near her limits."

Both Sevens and Benoit recognize that if her potential is ever to be reached, her compulsive mileage-gathering has to be held within limits. Her tendons are still vulnerable. "Looking back," says Benoit, "I guess the surgery was a blessing

in disguise. It made me rest—something I'm not very good at." Two weeks before Boston, when most runners would be relaxing their training, she put in a 125-mile week, 10 more than she'd ever done. Asked why, she smiles "I don't know," she says.

It wasn't until she reached Coolidge Corner, two miles from the finish, that the fatigue began to be almost insurmountable. "But I was still in control," Benoit says. And there were the Boston U women she coaches, howling at her from up in the trees that line Beacon Street. She would make it now. The cheers escalated into a din.

She crossed the finish line at the Prudential Center in 2:22:42, a world's best by two minutes and 47 seconds. It was a time that would have won every men's Olympic marathon through 1956. She would have beaten the immortal 1952 champion, Emil Zátopek of Czechoslovakia, by 21.2 seconds. There being no berry patches in downtown Boston, Benoit celebrated by dancing at a Beantown night spot, the 57 Club, until the wee hours of the next morning.

This may not have been Benoit's magic day, in the sense that she will have no other. The last half of her race was six minutes slower than the first, in part because of the hills, in larger part because of her headlong early pace. Had she balanced the halves of her race, she might have been able to approach 2:20. This is the time she has said it will take to win the first women's Olympic marathon, next year in Los Angeles.

For now her thoughts are more on the coming summer, when she'll leave her post at Boston University and move back to Maine, where there's a seaside house she will renovate and then gradually fill with antiques. A friend up there is building a lobster boat, and in back of the house there's a tideflat full of clams.

The odds are that diversions such as these will temper her compulsion for long runs in the thick, salty Atlantic air just enough for her tendons to hold. She'll not dwell for long on the magnitude of what she has done. She'll just matter-of-factly train and knit and pick and can, and happily emerge in about a year for the Olympic Trials and the Olympics to show us that even this marvelous display at Boston was mere bush-whacking, just warming up.

END



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Can George Brett hit .500?

by John Garrity

Forget .400. K.C.'s two-time batting champion is off to his hottest start

I was chin music, a high inside fastball thrown by Boston lefthander John Tudor. "For some reason, I just stood there," recalls Kansas City's George Brett. "I tried to lean away so it wouldn't hit my hands, but I didn't move my feet, so my momentum put me back on my heels. Then I started backpedaling, but my feet couldn't catch up with my body. The next thing I knew, I was completely out of control."

The full backward somersault that followed was scored a 9.8 by Brett's teammates on the bench. "That was the best I've ever seen for a stumble out of the batter's box," Outfielder Jerry Martin

said. "Couldn't nobody talk for laughing. That's got to make *This Week in Baseball*."

Brett came up grinning. "I couldn't help myself. The dugout was laughing, all the people in the stands were laughing." Even Tudor? "I didn't look at him," Brett says. "But I'd be surprised if he wasn't."

If there was a grin on Tudor's face, Brett wiped it off by lashing the next pitch past first base for a double.

Clearly, Brett is having fun again. Off to the best start of his splendid nine-year career, the two-time American League batting champ held the league lead in seven statistical categories the night of April 20, when he went 4-for-5, drove in seven runs and belted three home runs in Detroit—including a game-winning two-run shot in the ninth.

Strunned by Brett's 420-foot solo blow into the upper deck in the first inning, Royals Pitcher Paul Splittorff observed, "Anything that goes that far in the air ought to have a stewardess on it." K.C. Manager Dick Howser feigned being barely impressed. "I've seen him hit three home runs in a game before," said Howser, who was a coach with the Yankees when Brett belted three against Catfish Humer in Game 3 of the 1978 American League championship series. At the end of last week, Brett led the league in hitting (.471) and in RBIs (16) and was tied for third in homers (four). Also, he had hit safely in 19 straight games dating back to last season, more, 12 of his last 15 hits had been for extra bases.

"I never started like this before," a delighted Brett said last Friday night before the Royals began a home stand against Toronto. "I'm usually atrocious the first month of the season."

That's no exaggeration. Not

counting this year, Brett's career average for April is .263, against a lifetime .316. Even in 1980, when he hit .390, the highest average in the majors since Ted Williams hit .406 in 1941, Brett limped into May batting only .259. "What I did in Detroit was great," Brett said. "It was the best game of my life, statisticswise, and especially hitting the third home run in the ninth to win the ball game. That doesn't happen too often to anybody."

Brett's fast start is only part of the story. For the first time in his career—following a prolonged contract squabble chronicled in Kansas City as "the winter of Brett's discontent"—he faced a home opener expecting to be booed. "I knew it was important to prepare myself for this season," Brett acknowledges. "I knew it from the time we started yelling back and forth at each other in the newspapers."

The yelling concerned a request by Brett and his brother-agent Bobby to extend and enhance his five-year, \$5 million contract, which is only in its second year. "I can't understand why they would want to make the franchise player unhappy," Bobby told *The Kansas City Times* last October. "Look at the people in the stands. They don't come out to see Greg Pryor or Amos Otis." Though Bobby claims that remark was quoted out of context, it nevertheless enraged Centerfielder Otis' many fans, not to mention substitute Third Baseman Pryor's immediate family, and led to a round of apologies.

There was more. Pictures of Brett at the World Series in St. Louis, wearing a Cardinals cap in the stands and kidding with his former manager, Whitey Herzog, fueled rumors that he sought to be traded. Brett spent the off-season in Palm Springs—he had previously wintered mostly in Kansas City—and Bobby suggested from his Southern California offices that his "unhappy" client might not report for spring training. Meanwhile, the talk among disappointed K.C. fans was that money and fame had "ruined" and "spoiled" George.

Since his MVP season of 1980, Brett has batted .314 and .301—not shabby, but nowhere near .390, either. Bothered

continued





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by the sudden lack of privacy following his '80 performance, the previously affable Brett courted Billy Martin-style notoriety with a series of off-the-field incidents, poking a photographer with a crutch, demolishing a clubhouse toilet with a baseball bat, scuffling with a sharp-tongued woman reporter in an Anaheim hotel lobby. "It was probably just my imagination," Brett says, "but after that great year, if I struck out or made an error, it was news. If someone else did it, no one cared."

Brett's holdout never materialized. After a closed-door meeting with Kansas City owner Ewing Kauffman, President Joe Burke and General Manager John Schuerholz, Brett announced that the whole furor had been caused by a "misunderstanding" and that although the Royals had given him nothing he had asked for, he was happy again and looking forward to spending the rest of his career in a K.C. uniform. "We had no notion of trading George, ever," Schuer-

holz said later. "Not even at the height of the crisis."

Patching things up with his disillusioned fans would take more time, Brett figured. "That was in January," he recalls. "A lot of the time during the winter when I was jogging, I would think about it. I knew how lucky I was to be playing in Kansas City, where we average 27,000, 28,000 fans a night, which is incredible. The fans here let you know that they appreciate you."

Brett reported to spring training early, got off to a terrific start at the plate and made it known that reporters need no longer tiptoe past his locker, as they did last season. Brett's bat cooled off—he finished the spring in a 2-for-32 slump—but he dispensed enough charm to put fans in a forgiving mood. "George has always played the game with youthful exuberance," Schuerholz notes with satisfaction. "He hasn't lost his appeal or charisma."

The truth is that Brett will turn 30 on

May 15, and the past winter can be looked at as a sort of baseball midlife crisis. "I was always the youngest player on all my teams," he says, "and now I look around and realize that I've been playing with guys like Amos Otis and Hal McRae for nine years. There were times last season when playing was drudgery, but I realize I should be enjoying every minute of it while I'm here, regardless of how I'm doing."

Brett's life also now resembles that of Hank Williams Jr., who once sang, "All my rowdy friends have settled down." "It seems like everybody I used to pal around with is married now," Brett says. He counts off the victims on the fingers of two hands—including older brother Ken, a former player, who is engaged. "I have good friends who are married, too, but they really don't have the interests I have. And I don't like to go home to an empty house." In particular, Brett mourns the loss of his longtime pal and teammate Jamie Quirk, who not only got

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IT'S INGENIOUS IT'S GENUINE BELL

married in the off-season, but then left the Royals, signing as a free agent with the Cardinals. Brett doesn't hide how Quirk's absence from Kansas City has left him: "Lost!" he yelps.

If he's lonely, Brett appears determined not to let it undermine his game. In Florida he worked as hard on his hitting as he did in his early years, when he grooved his swing under the tutelage of hitting instructor Charley Lau. "I didn't have confidence in my swing after last season," Brett explains. "No rhythm." With the encouragement of Royals Batting Coach Rocky Colavito, Brett worked on getting more pop out of his top hand. "Last year my hands were lazy," he says. "The bat was sort of dragging through the strike zone. Rocky got me thinking strong hands again, throwing my bat at the ball."

The results were not immediately encouraging. "Two-for-32!" Brett snorts. "I thought I was going to have one of those .210s in April like I usually do." Instead, on his first at bat, Opening Day in Baltimore, Brett drove a fistball into the gap and got a double. "Then I hit a homer in my next time at bat."

A week later, three doubles in a losing effort against the Brewers convinced Brett that the line drives were jumping off his bat again. Detroit confirmed his belief in his home-run stroke. Brett says, "The only thing wrong with my swing right now is that I can't stand back and watch it."

As it turned out, Brett was introduced at the Royals' home opener, April 9, not to boos, but to a modest ovation. Did that mean that Brett had controlled the damage? "There weren't enough people there to tell," he says, laughing. "It was too cold." More seriously, Brett adds, "I live in Kansas City and I've spent the best years of my life here. I don't want to see those nine years of fun disappear."

The Royals seem confident that Brett is winning his fans back. The competitive fires were stoked this winter," Schuerholz says. "He walked out of our meeting, and he was the George Brett of old. Animated. Excited."

Full reconciliation with the fans will probably take some time, but the fury of Brett's bat in April suggests that he will do whatever is necessary to dispense any anger that may remain. In fact, as he proved with last week's comic somersault out of the batter's box, he'll even bend over backward.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Rick Dempsey was the first recipient of Baltimore's Wiffle Ball Bat Award, which goes to an Oriole who strikes out three times in a game. The rules, as set by Eddie Murray, require the winner to tote an orange plastic bat wherever he goes—home, hotels, airports—until someone else wins it. "It certainly is a source of embarrassment," Dempsey says. "But it's something that provides a little levity, I guess."



"He'll know he's too old when he can't catch up to the fastball, and that definitely hasn't happened," says Boston Batting Coach Walt Hrinik of Carl Yastrzemski.

"You can count on the fingers of your right hand the number of times I've hit a homer to the opposite field," says Montreal Catcher Gary Carter. **"**About 10.



43. "His hands are as quick and his concentration as great as ever. I'll stake my reputation on his hitting. He'll hit and he'll hit well." Last week Yaz did just that, hitting .364. . . . One of his hits carried off the leg of Milwaukee Pitcher Don Sutton, prompting the 38-year-old Sutton to yell to Yastrzemski standing at first, "Would you please pull the ball in the future? I'm about as old as you are, and I can't get out of the way as well as I used to."



"The doctors say there's an 80% to 90% chance they got all the cancer," says Indians Manager Mike Ferraro of a February operation in which one of his kidneys was removed. "I'm not taking any chemotherapy, my appetite is back and I'm sleeping O.K. But when I get down, I still think of it. I'll get depressed and it feels like everything is just caving in on me. That's when I have to get away, go to the racetrack or something."



The 1982 Rangers, who stumbled, bumbled and grumbled to 98 losses, and the Texas bunch that was 9-8 at the end of last week are by and large the same guys. What's been happening on the field, however, is largely the result of what's happened off it.

The Rangers' resurgence began when

Joe Klein, 40, became general manager last fall after spending three years as Texas' director of player development. The core of Klein's operating philosophy and the guts of his extensive overhaul are outlined in a red binder titled *The Purpose of the Texas Rangers Is To Achieve a Winning Tradition Primarily Through Internal Development*.

Under a section labeled "What we learned in 1982," Klein wrote: "Pitchers not in shape. Talent not evaluated and utilized correctly. Waiver list transactions were not kept in confidence. Short-term gains should never be taken at the expense of long-term losses." The last notation referred to a series of trades in which Texas gave up many promising young players.

As farm director, Klein had already beefed up his scouting staff, especially outside the United States, to avoid what he now calls "one-game looks and quick evaluations." Says Klein, "Three years from now, I want players in our minor league system who can be brought up to solve our problems. We want internal development because it's better to go through your own organization than to trade with other teams. That way, you know your players."

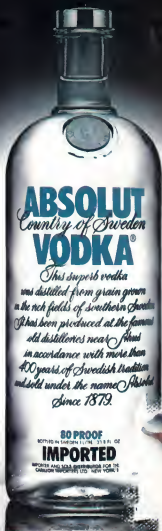
One of Klein's prime goals this season was to increase Texas' aggressiveness. At the behest of four new coaches and new Manager Doug Rader, the Rangers have done that, most notably on the bases, where they're suddenly frisky.

There are signs that another objective—"establishing credibility with our own players"—is also being achieved. Ranger players now speak glowingly about the team's new sense of direction and leadership. Much of the credit has justifiably gone to Rader. But it actually began with Klein, who handpicked Rader despite snickers from those who remembered him as an off-the-wall

continued

RARE BEEF

The Tigers' new kangaroo court has Lance Parrish hopping mad. "Every time you turn around you get fined," says Parrish of the court, which is presided over by Judge John Wockenliss and Collector of Fines Enos Cabell. "I don't think it helps the attitude. Somebody's on second and you don't advance him, so you get fined. You feel bad enough [not advancing the runner]. Ten bucks, 20 bucks. It's ridiculous."



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wacko during his playing days. Then Klein indoctrinated his new skipper in every step of how the team should be remolded.

Pascual Perez of the Braves may have to reevaluate the promise he made to his father in the Dominican Republic before the season began. "I'll win 15 games for you this year," Pascual said, but that was before his fast start (3-0 through Sunday)... Oakland's Rickey Henderson, meanwhile, is off to a slow start. The man who stole a record 130 bases last year had only five at week's end. Henderson has been slowed by a slight groin pull, true, but he also seems less inclined to tear up his body with headfirst slides.

Umpire Bruce Froemming made the best call of his life at 4 a.m. last Thursday. It was part of an unusual night for Froemming, who had worked a doubleheader at Shea Stadium. After returning to his hotel room, Froemming received a telephone call informing him that his grandmother had died. At 3:45 a.m. he got another emergency call, this one from crew chief John Kibler, summoning him to Kibler's room.

A STICKY TRICK

Here's interesting news for those batters who suspect the Cubs' Ferguson Jenkins of throwing an illegal pitch. Jenkins, who won his 279th game last week, against the Giants, now reveals he uses pine tar on his pitching hand. Jenkins says Jim Bunning taught him the trick when Jenkins was a young prospect in the Phillies organization in the mid-'60s. "The reason I do it is to make my breaking pitches more effective," Jenkins explains. "I can't throw 'em when my hand is all sweaty. I put it on before the game and use a little resin each inning. Bunning used clear pine tar. I use the brown stuff, same color as my hand. No umpire has ever come to the mound to check me. No one has ever told me it's wrong. As far as I'm concerned, what I do is legal." Not so fast, Fergie. "I'll have to look into this," says Blake Cullen, who's in charge of National League umpires. "You can't use any foreign substance on the ball. An infielder who has pine tar on the batting glove he wears under his fielding glove isn't even allowed to remove his fielding glove to rub up the ball. I didn't know Jenkins was using pine tar. If it's coming off on the ball, that's illegal."

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2. D. Eversley, Bos	1,749½	190	0.98
3. F. Jenkins, Cubs	4,353½	466	0.96
4. Matt Keough, Oak	1,031½	107	0.93
5. Pete Falticon, Atl	1,716	124	0.92
6. Steve Renko, K.C.	2,390	241	0.91
7. Moose Hass, Mil	1,023½	103	0.91
8. Milt Wilcox, Det	1,564½	155	0.89
9. Jack Morris, Det	1,096½	107	0.88
10. Mike Norris, Oak	1,036	101	0.88

"John was breathing heavily and was talking in a whining tone," Froemming says. "He told me he had terrible pains in his chest and down his left arm. 'Let's wait an hour,' he said. I told John, 'No, I'm calling an ambulance.' The ambulance people said it was good I called right away." Good indeed. Kibler, 54, had suffered a heart attack, but he's recuperating nicely, thanks in no small part to Froemming's quick and correct call.

Because Dave Hostetler was not hitting, Mickey Rivers took over as the Rangers' DH. Mick was quick with his stick—four hits in one game—and with his lip, declaring: "A man of my caliber, that's no big deal."

Pat Senter of the Dodgers became the first physical therapist ever ejected from a big league game when Home Plate Umpire Billy Williams thumbed him after the L.A. bench got on Williams about a strike call.... David E. LeFevre, who was born in Cleveland and practices law in New York, is trying to wrap up a deal to buy the Indians by July 4. The selling price is said to be between \$20 million and \$23 million.... The Padres haven't announced it yet, but Manager Dick Williams' contract was extended from 1984 through 1985.

Over the past several years, Fernando Valenzuela and Salome Barojas have been imported from Mexico with spectacular results by the Dodgers and White Sox, respectively. Now the Mets have acquired another highly regarded Mexican League player, Third Baseman Salvador Espinoza, 17. The Mets think so much of Espinoza that they signed a working

agreement with his team, the León Bravos, and sent them First Baseman Rick Proe, a .295 hitter in Double A ball last year. Espinoza, who's training in Florida, will be assigned to one of the rookie leagues when they open in June.

The wind-chill index was 6° in Baltimore one night last week when the Orioles played the Rangers. Down in the bullpen, the Baltimore relievers stayed warm by sitting in a team station wagon and turning on the heater. Up in the press box, public-address man Phil Hochberg announced to the fans, "Will the driver of the vehicle with Saskatchewan license plates please report to your sled? The dogs are ready."

Life has been rough for Cleveland's Toby Harrah since the end of last season. Harrah had corrective surgery for a heart murmur, a fire did \$100,000 damage to his house, his father was killed in an automobile accident, Harrah was hit by a pitch in his first at bat in spring training and struck again moments later with a ball thrown by an infielder. Now he's out with a broken left hand after being hit by another pitch.

For the Yankees to win, they need goose eggs from Goose Gossage, but through last Sunday he'd been scrambled for nine hits in 5½ innings and had an 11.81 ERA.... The Red Sox have grounded into 19 double plays, putting them ahead

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRETT: The Kansas City third baseman went 9 for 16, with seven extra base hits and 10 RBIs. Brett's three home runs, three doubles and one triple helped produce a 4-1-38 slugging average.

of their pace of last year, when they hit into a record 171.... Pittsburgh, errorless in its first nine outings, committed four boo-boos in the next four games.... Roy Howell of the Brewers, who'd gone 0 for 35 since last Sept. 30, ended his slump with three hits during a 14-0 drubbing of the Red Sox.... Seattle's Julio Cruz, who in 1981 tied a league mark with 32 consecutive successful steal attempts, now has a streak of 21 over two seasons.... White Sox Pitcher Dennis Lamp was trying to fight a match when he ignited Catcher Marc Hill's beard, causing Hill to shave the rest of it off.



*Yankees Gehrig and Sewell agreed on
"early to bed" and almost everything else.*

FOR BETTER, FOR



CONTINUED

WORSE

Whom teams have joined together as roommates, no man shall put asunder—but sometimes it happens **by JACK McCALLUM**



Roommates

continued

He wasn't with us after the last part o' May, but I roomed with him long enough to get the monkey I was the only guy in the club gone enough to stand for him; but I was sorry afterward that I done it, because it sure did put a cramp in my little old average

—RING LARDNER
My Roomy, 1924

The first "roommates" were Adam and Eve, and as you know, that didn't work out too well. Some problem with apples and snakes, which isn't as unusual between roommates, especially of the sports variety, as you might think.

Former Ram Defensive End Fred Dryer, for example, used to drive his roommates crazy in training camp by boiling up vegetables. "The smell was everywhere," says former Ram Quarterback Ron Jaworski. If it's not apples, it's asparagus. And Art Spinney once scared the considerable pants off his old Colt roommate, Artie Donovan. He told Donovan there was a cold six-pack of beer under the covers of his bed, but it wasn't a six-pack. It was a dead groundhog. If it's not snakes, it's groundhogs. Or bats. Spinney's teammate Alex Sandusky once threw a live bat into a room where the Colts' Buddy Young was, and Young jumped out the window.

Yes, there are eight million roommate

stories out there, and what follows are but a few of them. No doubt some of the best and the funniest are lost to the shadow of time and the cloak of anonymity. Or they've already been reported by Jim Bouton. Rooming with somebody is one of the common experiences of the American athlete and, probably, athletes the world over. True, Homer, the first sports-writer, made no mention of roommates in his writings, but then the Greeks made fewer road trips. We must conclude that Grecian shotputters never addressed each other with that classic term, rooms. Tom Seaver and Buddy Harebison, who used to room together on the Mets, still do. And so do many other roommates, past and present.

There are many fine reasons for pairing up two large men in a small hotel room on the road, or in a small dormitory room during training camp: They can discuss strategy, they can keep each other's mind on business, they can bolster each other's confidence, etc. But the bottom line is usually the bottom line—that is, two to a room is cheaper.

As player salaries have increased, the roommate concept has waned, particularly in baseball, where it was most common. Rooming alone was not unknown in previous generations—Ted Williams and Willie Mays both had single rooms almost from the start of their careers—but now it's not just All-Stars who have that privilege. Probably 90% of today's baseball players room alone on the road, usually paying the difference between the single-room charge and half of the double-room charge out of their own pockets. It generally runs to no more than \$1,000 a season, and it's deductible as a business expense. Some players even have singles written into their contracts, and rare indeed is the superstar who has a roommate. One who does is the Brewers' Robin Yount, who says, "One reason I haven't asked for a single room is that Bob McClure and I have such good times together."

Most players would rather room alone for the obvious reason. "There's more



The best Spinney provided roommate Donovan had a head never bowed in Milwaukee.



When a bat was thrown into the room,
Young went bats—and out a window.

privacy," says Milwaukee Pitcher Moose Haas. "You can come and go as you please. Bill Travers (who was traded to California in 1981) and I did everything together when he was with us, but we had adjoining rooms. We'd leave the connecting door open and use both." Two close room-alone friends on the Yankees, Lou Piniella and Bobby Murcer, do the same thing.

Ballplayers have reasons other than privacy for rooming separately these days. Players used to talk baseball constantly; now they have more on their minds than the game, and they have agents, lawyers and stockbrokers to converse with. Oh, an occasional oddball like Pete Rose will talk about his average against lefthanders on windy days in May, but he'll also discourse on the Mizuno line of sporting goods, which he endorses, if you care to listen.

Roommates are currently more prevalent in pro basketball and hockey. While several teams—the Lakers and the Bucks, to name two—have single rooms on the road, other NBA clubs have at least one or two roommate combinations. Most NHL teams double up their players, sometimes on a rotating basis. That may have started with the legendary Canadian coach, Toe Blake, a superstitious man who frequently changed the room-

mate lineup after a loss and kept it the same if his team was hot. Even the Great Gretzky has a roommate when the Edmonton Oilers take to the road.

Roommates are also still the rule in pro football, where an element of palace control remains. It would be difficult for teams to provide single rooms for the 100 or so candidates they parade in for training camp, some of whom will be around just about long enough for a cup of coffee and a wind sprint, though during the sea-

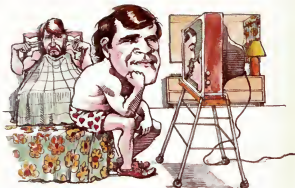
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERRY GERSTEN

son there are some NFL players who by virtue of superstar or veteran status get single rooms.

Football coaches still have the idea that players are going to talk strategy and motivation when they're alone together, and to that end, quarterbacks are often matched with quarterbacks, offensive linemen with offensive linemen, and so on. Maybe they do talk strategy and motivation; most probably they discuss *Gilligan's Island* reruns. In any case, for even the most solitary of players, rooming together is less of a burden in football. Nowadays, visiting teams generally don't arrive until the late afternoon of the day before a game. By the time the team meal and all the meetings are over, there's barely enough time even to discuss the Thesbian qualities of Bob Denver before lights-out.

A movie about the broad spectrum of roommate life would be no blockbuster. Perhaps Andy Warhol, who once focused a single camera for eight hours on a sleeping man and called it a film, might like to direct this one. He could pan in on two men sitting shirtless on twin beds,

continued



Berger watched soaps, LeMaster wanted to snore. Result: washed-up roommates.

Roommates

continued

one with a bag of potato chips at hand. A playbook, the local newspapers, a bunch of magazines and maybe *The Sporting News* would lie nearby; a copy of Thomas Pynchon's latest novel wouldn't be part of the scene.

The television set would be on. Often it is TV that makes or breaks a roommate relationship. Back in the '60s, Cleveland pitchers Gary Bell and Jack Kralick once came to blows over what show to watch, and Eagle linebackers Bill Bergey and Frank LeMaster "broke up" over the tube. Bergey felt that LeMaster, who was younger, should turn on the TV and change the channels. And Bergey liked to watch game shows and soap operas between 12:30 and 2 p.m., LeMaster's time to catch a nap at training camp.

On the other hand, Mike Caldwell and Jamie Easterly of the Brewers were almost perfectly matched roomies, once they pretty much settled the soap-opera issue. "We had to switch off and on on our soaps," Easterly reports. "Mike liked the ones on CBS, I liked the ones on ABC. I watched the ones at 2, he watched the ones at 3." And you thought war was hell.

Though it lacked the zest, not to mention the sales, of Bonton's *Ball Four*, Bill Bradley's *Life on the Run* is perhaps the best study of roommate life in the pros. Bradley wrote of the "overpowering feeling of loneliness on the road." He mentioned the ability he and his roommate, Dave DeBusschere, managed to develop to tune out each other's telephone conversations. And, yes, he even wrote about the TV set—DeBusschere liked it on, while the future senior Senator from New Jersey preferred the radio.

"Don't never call me a bug again. They got me roomin' with the champion o' the world."

"Who is he?" I says.

"I don't know and I don't want to know," says Herme. "but if they stick him in there with me again I'll jump to the Federals."

FOUR ROOMMATE STORIES THAT EVERYONE TELLS

- Off-told tale No. 1 concerns Babe Ruth, a legendary carouser who by most accounts spent no great amount of time in his hotel room on the road. As early as 1920, his first year with the Yankees, that reputation was established—with a little help from his roommate, veteran Outfielder Ping Bodie. Asked about Ruth as a roommate, Bodie responded, "I don't room with him. I room with his suitcase." Several of Ruth's roommates have



Pearson's Problem: an episode in the Big Klu-Little Albie serial.

been credited with the line, but Robert Creamer's Babe, the authoritative biography of the Yankee immortal, gives the nod to Bodie.

- The roommate-with-a-harelip story is most often told about the Red Sox, Indian and Pirate pitcher of the 1930s and '40s, Jim Bagby Jr., but any ballplayer with a speech impediment turns up in this one. It seems that one night, when Boston Manager Joe Cronin was conducting a room check by telephone, Bagby tried to cover for his hell-raising roommate, the late Jim Tabor.

"Everything O.K.?" asked Cronin. "Let me speak to Tabe."

Bagby laid down the phone, made

some noises and picked it up again.

"Hello, Thkip," said Bagby. "Thish ith Tabe."

- Off-told tale No. 3 develops this theme: Manager rooms steady, conservative veteran with screwball youngster in hopes of straightening out the latter, but it works the other way, with the vet adopting the youngster's bad habits. Howard Fox, the Minnesota Twins' executive vice-president, tells a version starring Infielder Frank Quilici as the veteran and Pitcher Dave Boswell as the kid, whom Fox matched up in the late '60s.

George Halas, when he coached the Bears, took the opposite approach. He occasionally roomed boys vivants together, reasoning that one of them was going to have to stay in the room and answer the knock on the door or the phone-call bed check after curfew.

"This would cut down on night life by 50 percent," said Chuck Mather, a former Halas assistant. No wonder Papa Bear is in the Hall of Fame.

- In off-told tale No. 4, two roommates of opposite intellectual capabilities are reading in bed. One finishes a comic book, slaps it down, and says to the other, "Well, how did yours come out?" The other, of course, is reading a medical textbook. The story is most frequently told about Bobby Brown, then a student at Tulane med school, and Yogi Berra, who roomed with Brown in 1946 on the Yankees' Newark

farm team. Did it actually happen?

"Well, yes, it did," says Brown, who's now a doctor in Fort Worth.

The stories are not necessarily apocryphal, just off-told.

Before the trainin' trip was over, Elliott had roomed with pretty near everybody in the club... They all said he was crazy and they was afraid he'd get violent some night and stick a knife in 'em.

SOME STRANGE MATCHES

- Linebacker Mike Curtis and Center Bill Curry roomed together on the Colts from 1967 to 1972. Curry was one of the

continued

The people who do the job are usually the ones best equipped to improve it. That's why, in 68 plants across the country, over 1,100 Employee Involvement Groups have been established by Ford Motor Company and the UAW. Their goal? To build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world. Members of this Group, at the Lima, Ohio, Engine Assembly Plant, tore down and individually reviewed one hundred brand-

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Roommates

continued



The evangelist Shinnick roared under Hawkins' sermon on the virtues of sin.

leaders of the NFL Players Association, and Curtis was the resident anti-union hardnose. Curtis, in fact, was one of a handful of regulars who crossed the picket line in training camp during the 1970 work stoppage. He kept a big picture of Richard Nixon in his locker at the stadium, an image that still haunts Curry.

The relationship really didn't work out badly. They argued their positions heatedly in the privacy of their room, but say they never came to blows or even threw anything at each other. Actually, they were similar in some ways, their union feelings notwithstanding. Both were family men, somewhat religious and intense about the game.

- Ted Kluszewski and Albie Pearson roomed together for a while on the Los Angeles Angels in 1961. Klu stood 6' 2" and weighed a solid 230 pounds, while Pearson, one of the smallest major-leaguers ever, went 5' 5" and 140. Klu used to suggest that Pearson sleep in one of the bureau drawers while he pushed the beds together for himself, and one night he actually tried to stuff Pearson into a drawer. But the big man had a subtler sense of humor, too. Sometimes he'd get into a hotel dining room early and order a high chair and a plate of Pabulum for Pearson.

- It was in the spring of 1963 that Baltimore Colt Coach Don Shula called Alex Hawkins with the warning: Don Shinnick wants to room with you in training camp. There

are numerous variations on the good-boy-bad-boy roommate theme, but none better than this. Hawkins was one of football's certifiable wild men—"I'm one of the few who spoke Joe Don Looney's language," he says today—while Shinnick was an ultra-serious member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

"I knew the master plan he [Shinnick] had in mind," says Hawkins, who until recently owned a restaurant in Marietta, Ga. "What he wanted was to convert me. I was their side's No. 1 draft pick."

Only Hawkins had already signed with the other league. Each night after lights-out, Shinnick would start preaching about Jesus Christ and the Bible. This lasted for some two weeks, until the night Hawkins began preaching on two of his favorite subjects—gambling and women.

"Shinnick moved out very quickly after that," says Hawkins.

Among Hawkins' other roommates were Looney himself—a pairing that was broken off by the Colts after a few wild days in training camp in 1964—and Andy Nelson, a defensive back who, according to Hawkins, was given to drinking shaving lotion.

"I used to do it just to get a rise out of my roommate," Nelson says, and he certainly did.

"The funny thing was, Andy didn't have a drinking problem," says Hawkins. "He just liked shaving lotion. To this day I can't use that stuff because I start thinking about Andy."

- Another weird roommate mismatch was Jimmy Rayl and the late Reggie Harding, who were thrown together by the ABA Indiana Pacers during the 1967-68 season. Rayl, from Kokomo, Ind., still holds Indiana University's single-game scoring record of 56 points. Harding, on the other hand, was a 7-foot kid from the Detroit ghetto who never played college ball. He died in September '72 of gunshot wounds suffered after an argument outside a friend's home in Detroit.

Rayl remembers a night in New Orleans when he turned on the light in their room and was more than a little startled to see Harding pointing a .38 caliber police revolver at him. He asked for, and got, the gun, which he returned to Harding after removing the bullets. Harding just grinned and reached for his shaving kit. "There must've been at least 200 bullets in there," says Rayl.

continued



Nelson quaffed shaving lotion and Hawkins roared.

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Roommates

continued

But the next day they had a pretty good laugh about it, and Harding never pointed the gun at him again. "Actually, I ended up feeling like we were friends," says Rayl.

Then John [the manager] says: "I wish you'd try Elliott. The other boys all kicks on him, but he seems to hang round you a lot and I b'lieve you could get along all right."

"Why don't you room him alone?"
Last.

"The boss or the hotels won't stand

• For pure excitement, that almost matches the made-in-heaven pairing of Lou Gehrig and Joe Sewell, who roomed together for a few years in the early '30s, after Sewell was acquired by the Yanks after being released from Cleveland. At 84, Sewell is still in excellent health and working in public relations for a dairy company in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

"We had no night life," Sewell says. "We wouldn't even have a glass of beer. We went to bed about 9 o'clock every night. You know, if I was talking to the President of the United States at

season and signed with Milwaukee.

Erving joined the Sixers in 1976 after they had had a successful 7-1 exhibition season without him, and several of the Philly players, Mix included, resisted his presence. "I didn't feel we needed him," says Mix. It didn't help that Mix had lost his starting job the minute Erving strolled into the gym. But, gradually, their relationship grew, partly through the friendship of their wives, Maryalice Mix and Turquoise Erving, who sat together at the games.

"We turned out to be similar in a lot of ways," said Mix before leaving for Milwaukee. "That's the first thing you look for, compatibility. We both eat and sleep at about the same time. On the road, we'll get up around 10:30, eat around 1:30, go to bed around 12:30 or 1. We try to keep everything consistent."

Still, for fun, Mix and Erving used to have impromptu wrestling matches a la Clouseau and Cato in the *Pink Panther* movies.

"Can you sing?" I says; and I was sorry right afterward that I set him that question.

I guess it must of been bad enough to have the water runnin' 'night after night and to have him wavin' that razor round; but that couldn't of been nothin' to his singin'.

SOME FAMOUS PAIRINGS

• Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman were, in their day, the quintessential backcourt combination, the playmaker who needed a sharpshooter and the sharpshooter who needed a playmaker. They apparently teamed well together off-court, too, judging by their nine-year roommate relationship (1952-60).

Each had his cross to bear, however.

Cousy: "Bill was extremely, extremely regimented and disciplined, much more than I was. You know, exercises before the game and all that sort of thing. He had to eat precisely at 4 o'clock on a game night. Then he'd have to go back to the room and nap until precisely 5:45, and then go down to the dining room and get some tea or hot water and lemon or some damn thing. This stuff didn't mean anything to me, but, gradually, I just went along with it."

But naps and tea were nothing compared to what Sharman had to endure

continued



Mix and Erving proved to be as compatible as Cato and Clouseau

for us roomin' alone," says John. "You go ahead and try it, and see how you make out."

SOME GOOD MATCHES

• Frank Robinson has a reputation for being hard to get along with, but Vada Pinson demurs. They roomed together in Cincinnati for several years in the early '60s, and "We had similar tastes," Pinson says. "We liked the same television shows. We liked to relax. We even liked the same food. When we'd call room service, we'd just order two of everything. Things were never the same after Frank left."

9 o'clock, I'd just have to excuse myself and go to bed. And Lou was the same way. We seldom even went to a picture show. We'd get up about 7 a.m., have a good breakfast and a light lunch, then go to the ball park, come back, eat dinner and talk baseball till 9. You know, I haven't been to a picture show in, I bet, 25 years."

• Julius Erving and Steve Mix would not appear to be ideally matched, the former a black, smooth superstar who plays with finesse, the latter a white, tough journeyman whose game is strength. But they roomed together for two years on the 76ers until Mix became a free agent last



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Roommates

continued

because of Cousy's legendary sleepwalking. And sleepwalking.

Sharman: "Since Bob had learned to speak French before English, he would usually combine both languages into a weird, eerie sound that was really frightening when I was awakened from a deep sleep. One night he was out of bed, naked and carrying a book around the room with him. It sounded like he was giving a very formal speech. With the words all mumbled—and in two languages, to boot—I couldn't understand what he was talking about. But later I just told him he sounded great and would make a very good politician. On other occasions, he would call out a lot of the Celtic plays or use some basketball terminology in most of his sentences."

Cousy himself tells the tale of his accidentally beaming Sharman when he lashed out and knocked over a table lamp during a nightmare in New York City. The following night Cousy dreamed that an intruder was standing in the corner of their room. "You sonovabitch, I see you, I see you!" he shouted, all the while fumbling for the table lamp to turn on the light and surprise the man. When he finally hit the switch and woke himself up, there was the unfortunate Sharman cowering under the covers, expecting another beaming.

• Lefty Gomez recalls that his famous roommate, Joe DiMaggio, was quite calm and collected during his record 56-game consecutive hitting streak in 1941. "But every day after 4:11 I threw up my breakfast."

Gomez and DiMaggio were a good match if only because Gomez' non-stop tongue took the pressure off the quiet, sometimes moody DiMaggio. "It's not that Joe didn't talk, it's just that I didn't give him enough time to," Gomez says.

"We went to a lot of movies and things like that. There wasn't a lot going on in those days. We'd talk baseball all the time, but we had other interests, too, like comedies and what was in the newspapers. We weren't a bunch of recluses or anything."

Gomez, at 74 a member of the advisory board of Wilson Sporting Goods, has a little fun with DiMaggio in the talks he makes around the country on Wilson's behalf. A favorite: "Joe loved the comics. He couldn't wait to get down to the newsstands every morning and find out



At Wimbledon in '65, Emerson scrambled eggs and then scrambled Stolle in the final.

what happened to Little Orphan Annie and Dick Tracy. I'd read them to him, and then he'd explain them to Yogi Berra."

DiMaggio never seems to mind. "I've heard his stories a thousand times, but they're always funny," he says.

• Dick Ritger and Wayne Zahn, both Hall of Fame bowlers, may have the roommate longevity record. They banded together at every stop on the PBA tour from 1965 to 1980, the year they both stopped touring full time.

This was another Sewell-Gehrig type of pairing. Neither did much drinking or carousing, neither was a television junkie, and neither was a spendthrift, though Ritger admits he was a little tighter with a buck. "I was the kind of guy that if we'd each owe \$1.78 on a bill and Wayne would give me \$2, I'd make sure he'd get his 22¢ back," says Ritger.

Only twice in their 15 years together did they both make it to the top five head-to-head spots in a TV tournament final, and even then they didn't face each other. There was a reason, Ritger says. He was a soft stroker and Zahn was more of a power bowler, so they tended to do well on contrasting types of alleys.

• Another set of famous roommates, Australians Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, were sharing a flat when they met

for the Wimbledon title in 1965. Stolle and Emerson frequently roomed together in those days. Their custom was to trade off cooking breakfast. On the morning of the final, it was Emerson's turn. The newspapers snapped pictures of Emerson with an apron, Stolle with the morning newspaper. First, Emerson scrambled the eggs, and then he went out and scrambled Stolle, winning in straight sets.

• For 13 years (1951-63) on the Boston and Milwaukee Braves it was "Spahn and Burdette, a roommate set." On the road they hung out with another noted pair, Third Baseman Eddie Mathews and Pitcher Bob Buhl, who were also long-time roomies.

Despite their superstar status, neither Spahn nor Burdette ever considered getting a single room. "We had a slogan," says Spahn. "It was 'Anything you can do, I can do better.' That's the type of relationship we had. Very competitive, but it never meant we were professionally jealous."

Burdette was instrumental in getting Spahn to throw the screwball, a pitch that undoubtedly helped extend his career until 1965, when he was 44. But he could never master his roommate's favorite, the spitter. "I had a helluva spitter in the bullpen, but I just couldn't throw it right in the games," Spahn says.

continued

Roommates

column

Spahn always felt there was something special about their relationship. "You know, I never threw a no-hitter until I was 39 years old," he says. "It came against the Phillies [on Sept. 15, 1960], and a month earlier Lou had thrown his first [and only] one against the same club. I always felt I would never have gotten mine if he hadn't done it first."

"Well," he says, "if I can't play no more I want to go to sleep, and you fellers will have to get out o' this room."

Did you ever hear o' nerve like that? This was the first night he'd come in before twelve and he orders the bunch out so's he can sleep? We politely suggested to him to go to Brooklyn.

SOME SNIPPETS FROM ROOMMATE LIFE

- Wes Covington reports that one of his roommates on the Cubs in 1966, infielder Roberto Pena, insisted on running hot

water in the shower all night because he was used to the hot, humid climate of his native Dominican Republic. Covington soon moved out.

- Denver Bronco Coach Dan Reeves sounded very much like his roommate on the Cowboys, Walt Garrison. On the telephone, even Garrison's fiancée couldn't tell them apart, a situation the roomies exploited. "I'd say, 'Goodby sweetheart, see ya' tomorrow,'" remembers Reeves, "and she'd tell me she loved me." Reeves and Garrison were kind enough to finally tell her about it before the wedding day.

- Cubs General Manager Dallas Green, a former Phillies pitcher, was in the buff on one occasion when he answered a knock at the door of the hotel room he shared with Pitcher Dick Farrell in the early '60s. The visitor was a woman who said Farrell had told her to come in and wait for him. Green let her in. The next day Green received a pair of silk pajamas

from Farrell, a rounder who nevertheless felt there were limits.

- San Francisco 49er guards Randy Cross and John Ayers live together in training camp, and their teammates wouldn't want it any other way. They both use DMSO, and nobody else can stand the smell.

- In an early game in St. Louis last season, Lonnie Smith of the Cardinals got three straight hits off Cub Pitcher Dickie Noles, with whom he roomed in the minors, with the Phillies and in Venezuela during winter ball. On Smith's fourth plate appearance, Noles, who has a reputation for being a headhunter, plunked him in the left arm.

"He didn't hit me on purpose," said Smith. "I could see by the way he threw it that it slipped."

"I didn't hit him on purpose, but after he got three hits off me, I told him I hoped his arm hurt for a week," said Noles.

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- Art Fowler, Billy Martin's personal pitching coach, who was once a pitcher for the Angels, recalls the time he found his roommate, Ryne Duren, engaged in a heated argument with a floor lamp. Duren would take a swing at the lamp, and each time it would bounce back for more. Fowler says he slept in the lobby that night. This story is somewhat suspect in that Fowler, who never met a cocktail he didn't like, was not above arguing with floor lamps himself.

- Cowboy Linebacker Bob Beunig says his former roommate, Roger Staubach, was such a light sleeper that he used to pin the curtains closed and put a piece of tape over the message light on the phone. Beunig says that if he so much as coughed during the night, Staubach would sit bolt upright.

- Former Chicago Cub Third Baseman Ron Santo once received a death threat, which prompted his roommate, Second Baseman Glenn Beckert, to post a large sign on his bed that read: *THE BECKER*. Roommate loyalty goes just so far.

- As a Minnesota Twins rookie in 1967, Rod Carew found it rather difficult rooming with Earl Battey. Battey would get, in the words of Carew, "tied up" with a woman at all kinds of strange hours. "He'd ask me to leave the room at 7 in the morning, and I'd have to go sit in the lobby," Carew reports. "All dressed up at 7 a.m. People would think I was just getting in." Worse, Battey didn't even try to fix Carew up.

- A New York Jet coach making bed checks during a road trip in 1970 ran into a rookie's room, saw him in bed and marked his name down. "I'm here, too, Coach," came a different voice from the same bed. It belonged to Wide Receiver Eddie Bell, who had been assigned with Running Back Clifford McClain to the same one-bed room. They were rookies who didn't want to make trouble and figured that was the way it was in the pros.

- Joe Moeller, who was a member of the Koufax-Drysdale Dodger pitching staff for five years, used to stand in front of a full-length mirror and practice his delivery by throwing a baseball full speed against a mattress propped up against the wall of his hotel room. One night, one of his throws hit the corner of the mattress and took a strange bounce into the lamp beside roommate Dick Tracowski's bed. It shattered the lamp and just missed Tra-

cewski's head. Obviously Moeller should have roomed with Cousy.

- An unmarried roommate is invaluable. When George Allen was coaching the Rams, he would often call a player's wife if he saw that player with a woman—which is why Dick Bass would be seen in public with two women on his arm, one for him and one for his roommate.

- NBC Broadcaster and former Bengal Tight End Bob Trumpy remembers a game called Human Billiards that he used to play with his roommate, Center Bob Johnson. It involved one player banking a rubber ball off at least two walls to

"What are you gon' to do now?" I says.

"I'm going to sell this ticket to Atlanta," he says, "and go back to Muskegon, where I belong."

RACE AND THE ART OF ROOMING

• Proverb Jacobs, a tackle from the University of California, was one of three blacks in the 1963 Oakland Raider training camp. Jacobs decided that the other two would be kept but that his chances were doubtful, so he went to Al Davis, then the Raider coach, and asked to be cut, even though Jacobs figured he was



Major league, minor accommodations: Jet rookies Bell and McClain got a single-room and bed.

strike the other player. One night at 2 a.m. they were making such a racket that Assistant Coach Chuck Studley came to find out what was going on. After they explained the game to him, Studley hung around for another half hour, coaching them on technique.

My roomy blows in about nine and got the letter from John out of his box. He was gon' to tear it up, but I told him they was news in it. . . .

He had kind o' crazy look in his eyes; so when he starts up to the room I follows him.

better than many of the white candidates.

"I know you need an even number of Negroes for rooming on the road," Jacobs said, "and I'd be the extra man." Davis assured him there would be no such quota system, and Jacobs made the team.

In point of fact, however, there used to be a quota system in all pro sports. "That's why you'd usually see an even number of blacks on teams," says former Brooklyn Pitcher Carl Erskine. It was one thing to ask a black player to lay down a sacrifice bunt for a white teammate, quite another to allow him to room

continued

Roommates

continued

with a white. Black-black combinations, like Roy Campanella-Don Newcombe and Jackie Robinson-Dan Bankhead, were much more common. Robinson, for all his trailblazing, never had a white roommate in the majors.

Marion Motley, the Hall of Fame Cleveland fullback, for example, might never have gotten a chance with the Browns had they not needed a black roommate for Bill Willis, a guard drafted out of Ohio State in 1946 and the first black in the old All-America Football Conference.

By the time the first black was drafted into the NBA—Chuck Cooper by the Celtics in 1950—baseball had taken some of the heat off the race issue. Basketball was forced from the beginning to mix roommates racially because its quota system pretty much restricted a team to one black. "They said they didn't have a quota system, but they did," says Jack Nichols, a white, a former Celtic and the first roommate of a hotshot rookie named William Felton Russell.

Cooper's first roommate was Cousy, who had written his senior thesis at Holy

Cross on the persecution of minority groups. He could've added a chapter on Charlotte, N.C., where Cooper was denied a room in the hotel where the team was to stay during an exhibition game. Cooper was so discouraged that after the game, instead of joining the rest of the Celtics at their hotel, he and Cousy jumped on an all-night sleeper to New York City, where they caught a morning flight to Boston.

It's probably impossible to pinpoint the first pair of racially mixed roommates: Maybe it was Branch Rickey, then a coach at Ohio Wesleyan, and a black player named Charlie Thomas, who shared Rickey's hotel room one night in 1904 after Thomas had been refused his own accommodations in South Bend, Ind. Campanella and Joe Tuminelli, a white utility infielder, were briefly assigned a room together while playing on the Dodger's Nashua, N.H. farm club in the New England League in the spring of 1946. Buddy Young and Zolzie Toth roomed together on the Colts in the early '50s. Willie Lanier and Jim Lynch came to the Kansas City Chiefs in 1967, to battle for the same middle linebacker job (Lanier won it) and remained roommates for several years. Bobby Bryant, a white from Macon, Ga., and Alan Page, a black from Canton, Ohio, were longtime roomies on the Vikings. Art Powell and Jack Kemp were a mixed pair on the Buffalo Bills in '67, and Brig Owens and Jerry Smith roomed together for several years on the Redskins, beginning in the mid-'60s. Curt Blefary said he received a lot of publicity and hate mail after he chose the late Don Wilson as a roommate when they played for the Astros back in 1969. Reggie Jackson and Pitcher Chuck Dobson were another early black-white combo when they roomed together on the Oakland A's in the late '60s. There are dozens of such combos in all sports these days, though they

aren't all that common, considering the percentage of black players in pro sports.

Perhaps the most unlikely combination occurred on the Vancouver Whitecaps of the NASL during the 1979 and '80 seasons. It matched Carl Valentine, a black of Jamaican ancestry, and Bruce Grobelaar, a white South African who is a soldier had fought black Rhodesian insurgents. Grobelaar left to play First Division soccer in England after the '80 season, but they've remained close friends.

Both players felt a certain amount of apprehension about the pairing, which had been suggested by Whitecap management. Grobelaar's was intensified when he went to meet Valentine as the latter arrived at the Vancouver airport to join the club.

"Right before I came off the plane, this big black dude, maybe 6' 6" and all muscle, came walking by Bruce," says Valentine. "He thought that was his roomie."

They used to joke about Grobelaar's former profession, but they never discussed the subject in a serious way, according to Valentine. "Bruce was what you call a tracker," says Valentine. "He used to track down the guerrilla blacks in the jungle. It was just unfortunate for him. He was 18 when he was called into the army, and he had no choice."

Neither player was particularly political, so neither was fundamentally changed by the experience. "The only thing that changed was my habits," says Valentine. "Bruce was a very hyper person who lived sort of from day to day. He was always on the go, always up until three in the morning, and gradually I just went along with him. I always tell everyone I was such a quiet kid until I met Bruce."

EPILOGUE

Back in Muskegon, Elliott, the crazy roommate of the Lardner story, has taken a baseball bat to the head of the woman who jilted him and the man she married. He intended to kill them both, but just missed.

The narrator:

That's all of it, fellows; and you can see I had some excuse for not hitting. You can also see why I ain't never goin' to room with no bug again—not for John or nobody else!

END



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First Person

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

TALES OF ROD AND REEL: THE POTATO CHIP LADY, AND ENTANGLED ANGLERS

Southern Oregon's Rogue River is barely half an hour's drive from my house in Ashland, and for 10 years I fished it regularly for rainbow trout, using a great variety of baits, lures and flies. I can remember using worms, grasshoppers, salmon eggs, marshmallows, gumdrops, cheese (Velveeta, Swiss, cheddar, even imported Limburger) and spoons, spinners and plugs of all shapes, colors and sizes. I also employed both floating and sinking flies tied to imitate everything from barely visible black gnats to three-inch-long dragonflies. And I caught a lot of trout, as would any angler who spent a couple of hundred hours a summer casting such an assortment of enticements into riffles and pools. But I never caught the big one I wanted. In a decade of trying, my largest trout was 18 inches long and weighed slightly more than two pounds. Most of the rainbows I landed were hatchery fish in the eight- to 12-inch range, and five years ago I gave up the effort, concluding, finally, that there simply weren't any large trout in the Rogue.

My conclusion proved wrong, to put it mildly. Last summer an unemployed logger named Mike McGonagle, fishing one of the pools that I have been through dozens of times, hooked and landed a rainbow trout that was very impressive by anyone's standards. McGonagle was actually trying for Chinook salmon at the time; he was bouncing a cluster of eggs

along the rocky bottom when the big trout took. He landed the fish on 12-pound-test line in about 15 minutes. It was 37 inches long with a 27-inch girth and weighed in at 28 pounds—the largest rainbow ever caught in Oregon, from lake or stream.

When I read about McGonagle's record in the local paper, my initial reaction was partly astonishment, partly jealousy, but mostly it was satisfaction in the reaffirmation of my long-held belief that a fisherman's most notable experiences are usually those that come as complete surprises. Getting what you want can be very satisfying, but getting what you never even dreamed about can be even better.

I've repeatedly seen proof of this. One time a woman reversed McGonagle's experience by tying into a Chinook salmon while fishing for trout. This was also on the upper Rogue, at Laurelhurst State Park, which, thanks to the Army Corps of Engineers, is now beneath the waters of a reservoir.

A few years ago there was a spacious campground at the park with a lovely, gravel-bottomed pool just upstream that the state stocked regularly with trout. Through the summer months, from early morning until dark, there were seldom fewer than half a dozen fishermen there, most of them what I would call, with no condescension, uninformed and inexperienced tourists.

The woman I watched one July afternoon was an example. Middle-aged, rather overdressed in slacks and a frilly blouse, she was fishing in comfort from a folding chair that had been placed in the shade of an alder tree. Beside the chair, within easy reach, was a thermos bottle, a king-sized bag of potato chips and a jar of orange salmon eggs. Her tackle was one of those small fiberglass spinning rods equipped with a plastic reel that she had probably bought as a set for \$8 or \$9 at a supermarket or hardware store. The line on the reel, at least 20-pound test, was more suitable for tuna than for trout.

Around a bend upstream was a riffle I intended to fish for early summer steelhead, and I was sitting on a tree stump about 20 yards behind the woman, putting on my waders and rigging up a fly rod. Within 10 minutes she had landed three trout, and though none was longer than 10 inches, she was elated with each. Every time she hauled one in she laughed happily and held it up to show the other

fishermen at the pool—there were six or seven of them—before she unhooked it and slipped it onto a stringer tied to a leg of her chair. "Guess I got the hot spot!" she said after the third trout. The others, all men, none of whom were catching anything, by now were doing their best to ignore her.

She baited her hook with another orange egg and cast it a few yards out into the pool. I happened to be watching when the salmon hit. Holding the rod across her lap in her left hand, she was reaching into the bag of potato chips with her right when she felt the tightening of the line. "Got another one!" she called.

The next thing she did was scream—a very impressive scream, too, of the variety loosed by the heroines of horror films when they open closet doors to discover things unspeakably gory. A lot happened in the ensuing two seconds. The bag she was reaching into flew into the air, and suddenly there were potato chips on the woman's dark hair, scattered around her on the grassy bank and floating downstream, too. As the woman jumped to her feet, she accidentally kicked the thermos bottle into the river, and it bobbed downstream with the current. She must have had the drag on her reel screwed down all the way, because the rod, which had bowed nearly double at the strike, finally snapped in two with a splintering crack. The men fishing upstream from the woman turned to stare open-mouthed, looking frightened themselves as she stood there screaming, clutching the bottom half of the shattered rod with both hands now.

I saw the tight line cutting downstream behind the thermos bottle and

continued



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through a scattering of chips and then angling out toward the tail of the pool, where it stopped in the vee above a rapids. By then I knew it had to be a salmon, and thanks to the heavy line, the woman was still attached to it.

I thought more quickly than I ever had in a crisis situation of my own. Within 30 seconds after she'd hooked the fish—or it had hooked her—I'd run to her side, gotten her to stop screaming, loosened her drag, stripped several yards of line from the reel, assured myself that the salmon was staying put for the moment, cut the line, reached out with the tip of my fly rod to retrieve the front half of her rod, which I slipped off the end of the line and tossed away, then spliced her monofilament line to my fly line and finally handed her my rod.

She did a remarkably fine job fighting the fish and, after the first few minutes, didn't need much coaching. She kept a steady pressure on, gaining line when she could, giving it up when she had to, surely and gradually tiring the fish in the pro-

cess, and in 20 minutes she had it on the bank—a lovely female Chinook, bronze-backed and silver-bellied, weighing just over 24 pounds. The woman—Marjorie was her name—hadn't even known there were salmon in the river, and the one she landed was the first she'd ever seen outside a can.

Not all fishing surprises turn out happily, of course. At the height of one fall salmon run on northern California's Klamath River, I once watched two experienced anglers embarrass themselves, and each other, profoundly.

Driving along the river highway, on my way home from yet another unsuccessful steelhead trip, I passed a line of at least 20 cars, trailers, pick-ups and jeeps parked along the narrow gravel shoulder of the road. Curious, I pulled in at the head of the line and then walked through a stand of second-growth pines and across a grassy meadow to investigate. There I found a dozen or more people on each side of the river, those on the opposite bank having crossed in rubber rafts

and rowboats, all of them casting clusters of eggs or large treble-hooked spoons into a deep, swirling pool. I stayed to watch, curious as to whether or not it was actually possible to catch fish under such crowded conditions.

It was. Within half an hour after I'd arrived, three of the fishermen, two across the stream and one on my side, had landed salmon of 10 to 12 pounds. At their strikes, each yelled "Fish on!" and then everyone else at the pool reeled in quickly to watch the lucky angler play and land his salmon.

A few minutes after the last of them had killed his salmon, two more cries of "Fish on!" sounded simultaneously. Once again everyone else reeled in to watch the action. It was obvious that the two gentlemen supplying it had been around—obvious from their expensive tackle; obvious, too, from their properly worn and faded outfits, including tattered old hats; and perhaps most obvious of all from the air of calm authority each displayed, which was meant to convey

p. 38

The 1983 Plymouth Turismo 2.2: 0-50 in 5.8 seconds.



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the impression that hooking large fish was a regular occurrence

Directly across from one another, 30 yards apart, their rods were bowed, their lines angling into the brown, rather murky water toward the middle of the pool. First one of them would gain some line, pumping the rod, reeling, then pumping and reeling again. Then the other one would gain line the same way, while the first one lost it.

"Tenth fish this season," the one on my side announced matter of factly to the onlookers around him, talking from the corner of his mouth. "Best damn one yet. Big male. See how the s.o.b. sulks down there? Thirty pounds maybe. Hope that guy across there knows what he's doing. I'm not letting my fish go too far."

That guy across there was talking to his audience, too, as likely as not in a similar vein, as he gained a little line and then lost it.

This went on for several minutes, each fisherman pumping and reeling harder and harder as the time passed, increasing

the strain on his rod. Always, one would gain line as the other lost it, and then it would go back the other way.

A good while before the show ended, I was fairly sure I knew what was going on. Maybe some of the other observers did, too, but nobody said anything. Finally, both fishermen began to gain line at once, rather easily and quickly. "He's coming up," the one on my side muttered, sounding more like Humphrey Bogart all the time. "Tired. Whipped. Thirty pounds. Maybe more. Want and see." He was smiling, and so was his counterpart across the river, as he cranked hard at his reel.

They had snagged lines out there, of course, and had been playing each other. For all that time, as one strained against the pressure of the other's rod, their entangled lines had been held on the bottom by some obstruction, most likely a sunken tree. Under the increasing pressure, the lines had somehow come free, and they popped to the surface at the very middle of the pool—a large silver

spoon solidly hooked to a ball of red salmon eggs

For a few seconds, the two of them stared as the spoon wobbled gently in the current on the surface in the evening light. Then, for a few seconds more they stared, their faces reddening at one another. Then they began to scream and swear.

"Cut your —— line, you ——," the one on my side yelled.

"You —, cut your line!" was the rejoinder.

"One of you loosen your drag," a bystander suggested, "and then the other one can reel in and untangle the mess. The rest of us want to try to catch some fish."

So that was how they worked it out, to a few snide remarks and general laughter. With their lines separated they left, in a hurry, their faces still red.

Such are some of the delights and possibilities of fishing, and each time someone tells me that it's boring I have to wonder what he's talking about. **END**

Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...



August 27, 1982.—County Stadium, Milwaukee

Photos by Henry Kuhlman

Doc Medich, the Milwaukee pitcher, had walked Rickey Henderson on four straight balls in the third inning of the Brewers' game with the Oakland A's...and now, reluctantly, he stood to become a part of baseball history...The walk Medich issued Henderson...put him on first base, 90 feet from breaking Lou Brock's 8-year-old major league record of 118 stolen bases in a season.

Medich and his catcher, Ted Simmons, had the downcast aspect of persons about to become answers to a trivia question.

Henderson was off with the first pitch, running head down with furious choppy strides towards immortality... Simmons had called a pitchout, and he bounded out to his left, away from the plate...and threw hard to second.

Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Yount caught the ball on the first-base side of second and swept down with his glove hand at Henderson, who was in the dirt now crash-landing on his chest with his arms extended and his batting helmet flying off toward left field. Second base umpire Mike Reilly gave the "safe" sign... Henderson, with the dust still flying, wrenched the bag loose from its moorings and held it aloft in triumph.—Ron Fumarie, SI—September 6, 1982

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 10-24

Compiled by FRANZ LIDZ

PRO BASKETBALL—Byrne Meadowlands Arena turned into a ball of Kong when Bernard of New York and brother Albert of New Jersey renewed old feuds in the opening round of the season's best-of-three playoffs. The Knicks were the first brother act to play the playoffs since George and Ed Mikas squared off in 1949. Albert wasn't a little Lard—he led the Nets with 17 points in the first game and 25 in the second—but it was Bernard who proved most able. With Prince Albert in the can foul trouble, Bernard outran his sibling's slower stand-ins, hitting 11 of 13 shots in the first half of Game 1. He wound up with 40 points in the Knicks' 118-107 victory and had 18 in the 103-99 series clincher. New York didn't fare as well in the first game of the season's second round, losing to Philadelphia (115-102). Phoenix split two games with Denver, dropping the second (113-99) after Forward Muzner Lucin damaged ligaments in his left knee while backpedaling for a pass. Portland swept Seattle to win its first playoff series since Lucas played power forward on its 1936-77 championship team. But then the Trail Blazers got awayland 115-97 by Los Angeles in their Western Conference semifinal opener. Boston beat Atlanta 103-95 in Game 1 and 98-79 in Game 2 to win their series (series play 2-0).

BOWLING—DON GERALD beat Roger Handell 71-180 to win the \$110,000 Long Beach Open in Garden City, N.Y.

BOXING—ROGER MAYWEATHER successfully defended his senior lightweight title with an eighth-round TKO over Jorge Alvarez in San Jose, Calif.

EUSEBIO PEDROZA, retained by WBA featherweight title with a unanimous decision over Rocky Lockridge in San Remo, Italy.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL. The puny NFL clones has been altered in the Pacific Division, where Los Angeles, Denver and Arizona are all 4-4 and Oakland 3-5. The Express kept a certain edge in snipping Central Division front-runner Tampa Bay 18-13 and getting beaten by Michigan 34-24. With James Jordan in the saddle, starting Quarterback John Elway's best performance in his first year in L.A. the Raiders stole pure Washington 30-23. Atlantic Division leader Philadelphia edged Boston 27-16. Birmingham routed Oakland 31-9 and the Warriors wound up 1-6-1 with five Denver.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS shot an 8-under-par 280 to win the \$400,000 Tournament of Champions in Cathedral City, beating Ray Floyd by a stroke.

HOLLIS STACY won a \$150,000 LPGA event at St. Petersburg, Fla., dipping an 11-under-par 277, six strokes better than Patty Sheehan and Debbie Lasker.

HOCKEY—The puck squared off from under a herd of Buffalo bodies in front of the Sabres goal and Boston's Brad Park dropped it in at 1:52 of overtime as the Bruins won the seventh game of the Adams Division finals 3-2. Boston Right Wing Rick Middleton set playoff-series records for assists (17) and points (25). He also became the first player in Stanley Cup history to put together two six-point games in the same series. Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky, who a week before had had a seven-point game, got his eighth point in a 5-1 victory over the Oilers in Game 7 of the Calgary. Edmonton outscored the Flames 35-13 overall. Edmonton met Chicago, which had polished off Minnesota in five games, in the opener of the Campbell Conference championship. The Oilers won 8-4. The Islanders disposed of the Rangers in six games (paper 3-0).

HORSE RACING—HUNTING BASQUE 56-60 and S.L.W. OF GOLD (54-60) won the first and second divisions, respectively, of the split Woodbine race at Aqueduct. Boudin's Basque, owned by Greg McCusker in the saddle, defeated Country Pace by a nose to win the \$164,390 first division. The 1-year-old colt ran the 1 1/8 in 1:31.5, S.W. of Gold, Eddie Maple up, triumphed in the \$165,500 second race, beating Fairweather by a head in 1:31 (page 26).

by Terry Latham, beat Tarls Brigade by three-quarters of a length to win the \$199,100 California Derby at Santa Anita Race Field. He did the 1 1/8 miles in 1:31.4. Billy Bell, the favorite, placed third.

PRINCESS ROONEY (52-40) Jacinto Vasquez aboard, extended his unbeaten streak to nine races with a 9/10-length victory in the \$114,000 Oakland Stakes for 3-year-old fillies at Keeneland. She ran the 1 1/8 miles over a sloppy track in 1:45 3/4.

SOCCER—NASL. The league opened with fewer teams (12) than it has had in 18 years, and there don't even begin to play until May. The season's first championship game didn't exactly light up the box office in a 2-1 loss to Toronto. Teles America won its maiden game, outdrawing Seattle 1-0 in a shootout.

INDIAN SOCCER—MISL. Baltimore didn't have to suffer the sting of the Astros for long, and there don't even begin to play until May. The season's first championship game didn't exactly light up the box office in a 2-1 loss to Toronto. Teles America won its maiden game, outdrawing Seattle 1-0 in a shootout.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS beat Mark Edmondson 6-4, 6-1 to win a \$312,500 tournament in Las Vegas.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, defeated Andrei Jager 6-1, 7-5 to win a \$300,000 event in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

TRACK & FIELD—SUE ADDISON, SEE ABOVE. GAST MARY DECKER LARRI and CHRIS MULLEN of Athletics West set an American women's record in the 4 x 400-meter relay with a time of 8:17.09 in Walnut, Calif. They equaled the U.S. national team's 1979 standard by 2.81 seconds.

MILFORES—FINED. By Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, New York Yankee owner GEORGE STEINBRENNER, \$30,000 for remarks he made about National League umpire Lee Weyer during a March 25 spring-training game. After a close play at first went against New York, Steinbrenner reportedly shouted to Weyer, "National League umpires will always give the close plays to the National League."

FIRE By Detroit Pistons, Coach SCOTTY ROBERTSON, 33, after a three-season 97-149 record. This year the Pistons finished third in the Central Division at 37-45. By the San Diego Chargers, Coach PAUL SILAS, 39, whose team was 75-168 in his three seasons. Their 25-57 mark this season was the worst in the Pacific Division.

RESIGNED As coach of the Golden State Warriors, AL ATILES, 46, the sixth youngest coach in NBA history. He became the team's general manager in 14 seasons under Alvin Karpis, who was 35-518 and won the championship in 1974-75, and as coach of the Houston Rockets, DOL HARRIS, 45, after the Rockets finished at 14-66, the second most losses ever in the NBA.

SOLD By the Ralston Purina Co. the ST LOUIS BRUINS to a group of Canadian businessmen who intend to move the franchise to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. The purchase price reportedly was \$1.1 million.

DIED EMIL EDWARD LEONARD, 34, who had a 191-181 record in 21 seasons as a pitcher with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Washington Senators, Philadelphia Phillies and Chicago Cubs of congestive heart failure in Springfield, Ill. A brilliant knock-kicker, Leonard had five bear seasons, with Washington, amassing a 20-8 mark in 1939.

CLARENCE (Buster) CRAIGIE, 75, Olympic gold medal-winning swimmer and self-styled King of the Swamp, whose swim roles included Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, Tarzan, Knute the Low Man and Thunder the Jungle Man, of a heart attack in Scotland. Arnie Crabbe placed third in the 1,500-meter freestyle at the 1928 Games in Amsterdam and won the gold in the 400-meter free in 1932 in Los Angeles.

FACES IN THE CROWD



SIMON KELLIE
Senior, San Jose

Kellie, a 25-year-old senior at San Jose State, owns a field of 1,500 to win the Los Angeles Marathon in 2:22:18. A two-time member of the Kenyan Olympic team as a 40,000- and 5,000-meter man, he was attempting his first marathon.



JEFF BREZOVAR
Senior, Milwaukee

Brezovar, a senior guard at the Milwaukee School of Engineering, averaged 35.8 points a game for the Raiders and became the state's first college player to score 1,000 points in a season. A mechanical engineering technology major, he has a 3.47 GPA.



BONNIE MACRAE
Senior, Alberta

MacRae, a senior midwesterner at the University of Calgary's women's volleyball team, has led the Danes to a Canadian college-record 38 straight league victories. She has averaged 33.1 kills per match, with a spiking percentage of 89.8.



HERMAN GEBHART
Amateur, Pa.

Gebhart, 85, a retired lineman for an electric company, shot an 10-over-par 81 at the Blue Mountains New Country Club in Fredericktown, Pa. A self-taught duffer, he took up the sport 20 years ago when he was given clubs as a retirement gift.



CLIFFORD GRAY
Boxer, Baton Rouge

BERNARD GRAY
Boxer, Baton Rouge

Clifford, a 21-year-old lightweight, and Bernard, 19, a featherweight, were the first brothers to win U.S. amateur boxing championships in the same year. Clifford, whose career record is 115-10, defeated Anthony Haskins at the USA Amateur Boxing Federation final in Indianapolis. He was the national AAU infant in 1989 as a featherweight. Bernard (114-14) outpointed Dino Ramirez to win his crown. He also won the National Sports Festival title in 1982.

CREDITS

4—Mark Bailey 10—Bryant by Sam C. Whelan 24—Duke Raphael 26—Terry Young 28—Walter 30—26—Tony 32—Tony 34—Jerry 36—Anthony 38—Tony 40—Tony 42—Tony 44—Tony 46—Tony 48—Tony 50—Tony 52—Tony 54—Tony 56—Tony 58—Tony 60—Tony 62—Tony 64—Tony 66—Tony 68—Tony 70—Tony 72—Tony 74—Tony 76—Tony 78—Tony 80—Tony 82—Tony 84—Tony 86—Tony 88—Tony 90—Tony 92—Tony 94—Tony 96—Tony 98—Tony 100—Tony 102—Tony 104—Tony 106—Tony 108—Tony 110—Tony 112—Tony 114—Tony 116—Tony 118—Tony 120—Tony 122—Tony 124—Tony 126—Tony 128—Tony 130—Tony 132—Tony 134—Tony 136—Tony 138—Tony 140—Tony 142—Tony 144—Tony 146—Tony 148—Tony 150—Tony 152—Tony 154—Tony 156—Tony 158—Tony 160—Tony 162—Tony 164—Tony 166—Tony 168—Tony 170—Tony 172—Tony 174—Tony 176—Tony 178—Tony 180—Tony 182—Tony 184—Tony 186—Tony 188—Tony 190—Tony 192—Tony 194—Tony 196—Tony 198—Tony 200—Tony 202—Tony 204—Tony 206—Tony 208—Tony 210—Tony 212—Tony 214—Tony 216—Tony 218—Tony 220—Tony 222—Tony 224—Tony 226—Tony 228—Tony 230—Tony 232—Tony 234—Tony 236—Tony 238—Tony 240—Tony 242—Tony 244—Tony 246—Tony 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

PROTECTING BOXERS (CONT.)

Sir:

I was uplifted and saddened by the excellent special report on boxing in your April 11 issue (*Too Many Punches, Too Little Concern, and An Encounter to Last an Eternity*). The last prize fight I watched was in 1981, when Larry Holmes beat Leon Spinks into submission. At the time I was struck by the pure savagery of the sport, the only intent of which is to render another human being either unconscious or unable to defend himself. I wondered, how can the skull protect the brain for any length of time from such a barrage as Holmes administered to Spinks that night? However, until I read your articles, the terrible long-term toll to the brain of punching had escaped me.

I have a bachelor of science degree in zoology and have examined and dissected the brains of both cats and humans. The brain is an extremely fragile organ, sensitive to abuse in any form. Why then should we in the U.S. continue to endorse an activity that deliberately exposes human beings to the real possibility of permanent brain damage? Or, as my wife, who spent one summer in a trauma intensive-care unit caring for patients with brain injuries, says, "Why should you pay money to see done in a ring what you would get arrested for doing in a bar?"

As I was finishing the articles, a representative of the local PAL called to ask me if I would like to buy tickets to see some youngsters box. I thought of Louis and Benjie and politely told him no thank you.

JOHN E. HOCKMAN
Springfield, Ohio

Sir:

I'm not a particularly avid boxing enthusiast. In fact, for years I've questioned how individuals could take the kind of punishment that is dealt out in the ring. Your report causes me to ponder this matter even more.

It seems only too obvious that repeated blows to the head would cause damage such as that documented by Dr. Ira Casson, and it amazes me that it has taken so long for anyone to seriously analyze the problem. I only hope that further research and greater concern in the future will result from these studies.

W. MONTE HITCHNER
Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

Boxing would be a much better sport if punches above the neck were simply banned.

NEIL BESSE
Catsaunt, Mass.

Sir:

As a neuropsychologist, I am alarmed by a

sport whose purpose is to beat an opponent senseless. As you point out, for every kid who fights his way out of poverty through boxing, there are too many others who fight their way into serious physical injury. Boxing should be banned!

LAWRENCE M. BINDER, Ph.D.
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Your special report on boxing was worthwhile and provocative. However, it was not journalism. It was pure advocacy, using such techniques as highly selective presentation of data, shock headlines and appeals to emotion. The overall result is a distorted picture of a sport that has long been universally accepted and is a main event of the Olympic Games.

You cite the Jan. 14, 1983 issue of JAMA, the journal of the American Medical Association, but fail to mention that the conclusion of the report by the AMA Council on Scientific Affairs, "Brain Injury in Boxing," which appeared in that issue, was that boxing "does not seem any more dangerous than other sports presently accepted by society."

You also ignore the fact that the AMA Council Report notes statistics showing that the risk of fatality is substantially greater among college football players, motorcycle racers, jockeys and athletes in several other sports than it is among boxers.

You further ignore the fact that the Council Report includes statistics showing that at any time approximately 12,500 boxers participate in the Golden Gloves program, each averaging approximately 20 bouts per year for three to five years, but that fewer than 5% of those amateur boxers sustain a knockout blow during their careers.

Finally, you ignore the fact that the turnout for a recent AMA Conference on Medical Aspects of Boxing was tremendous, showing real concern for knowledge and reform. Genuine strides in ring safety have been made in recent years.

To suggest it is a fiction that for thousands of boys boxing provides a straight and narrow road away from disorder, indolence and crime is to disregard many well-known examples and personal testimonials. To criticize a sport because few in it are sufficiently talented to succeed on a grand scale is a false criticism. The same can be said of most fields of human endeavor, including journalism.

Efforts at improved regulation of boxing must continue, but the reality is that risk of serious injury cannot be completely eliminated from the sport. I am dismayed by the fact that there will probably be some ring deaths this year, as there were last year. But there will

also be boys killed in youth baseball, young men turned into vegetables by football, jockeys crushed in horse racing and racers badly injured in motorcycling. However, in pursuit of selling magazines, it is a better bet to dwell on what is bad in boxing than to write about the risk of serious injury inherent in most other sports.

GERALD MALTZ
Commissioner
Arizona State Boxing Commission
Tucson

TOM, JOHN AND ART

Sir:

What a pleasure it was to see Tom Seaver, the man who personifies the spirit of the Mets, past and future, have a triumphant return to New York (*It Was a Terrific Homecoming*, April 18). Even if Seaver doesn't win 20 games this year or strike out 200 batters, he will surely provide a spark for the team. Now if the club could only recapture the élan of the Miracle Mets, or the *Amazin'* Mets. . .

MICHELLE D. ENGLISH
Los Angeles

Sir:

It was a pleasure to read Douglas S. Looney's article on John Reaves (*He Has Seen the Light*, April 18). I had often wondered what Reaves's difficulties were during his last two years at Florida and most of his nine seasons in the NFL. Now I know, and thank heaven this young man was tough enough to do an about-face and begin to live up to his potential.

I hope that before long Looney and Paul Zimmerman will be able to write of an about-face by Art Schlichter, another fine young athlete, whose NFL career is currently in jeopardy because of his gambling (*Has He All Been Thrown Away?*, April 18). His story is as depressing as Reaves's is uplifting.

ALLAN CAMPBELL
Waynesville, N.C.

Sir:

As the father of a teen-age athlete, I commend you for featuring articles on Tom Seaver, Art Schlichter and John Reaves. These stories clearly depict how different three individuals with superior athletic talent can be. They should be required reading for all aspiring athletes.

ED ADAMS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Taste tests proved it.

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If you're a Windsor drinker, that will come as no surprise. But if you're not, try the taste of Windsor and find out for yourself why it's the Canadian that stands alone.

You can't beat the taste of Windsor. And you certainly can't beat the price.

WINDSOR 
ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE



WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES SAABS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER CARS?

FOR ONE THING, PEOPLE ARE BUYING THEM.

Last year, automobile sales hit their lowest point in twenty years. Rebates, exciting sell-athons, and financing gimmicks were all to little avail.

Yet, in that very same abysmal environment, 1982 was Saab's best year ever. Every single Saab shipped to the United States was sold. Even the 519 alabaster yellow ones.

Of course, it wasn't that long ago that Saabs were ignored by most people. And those who didn't, dismissed Saabs as being unconventional.

In truth, Saabs were unconventional. They violated many of the time-honored tenets handed down by the automotive establishment.

You notice that the first time you get into a Saab and discover that the ignition key isn't where it's supposed to be. It's on the floor, next to the hand brake.

Unconventional? Yes. But, also, very ingenious because, in that position, you can lock the transmission instead of just the steering wheel.

Then there's unconventional front-wheel drive. Unconventional on a Saab for over thirty years. Until recently, it was regarded as just another manifestation of Saab's unwillingness to conform.

But as performance became more important to car buyers, car buyers suddenly began to

notice that Saabs could take sharp curves like a sports car and hold the road flawlessly—even in inclement weather.

Maybe, the issuers of those automotive tenets thought, front-wheel drive wasn't such a bad idea after all. Soon one after another was adding it onto their cars. Of course, there's a difference between Saab's front-wheel drive system that's been refined and perfected since 1949 and those of other car makers who have only recently recognized the virtues of front-wheel drive.

Another Saab innovation that car buyers have recently discovered is turbocharging. When Saab introduced it back in the seventies, it was more commonly associated with planes and racing cars. Since then, drivers have come to realize it has other applications, like helping you merge onto a crowded freeway or pass a truck on a two-lane highway or cause the owners of so-called ultimate driving machines to reconsider that appellation.

Last year, Saab brought turbocharging to its most advanced state with the Saab APC system.

If you have a degree in engineering and some spare time, your Saab dealer will gladly explain how the APC system works.

If you're not interested, he'll still insist on telling you that it's patented and allows you to go faster on less gas.*

As similar as all Saab's performance may be to that of a sports car, you'd be hard-pressed to find a sports car that's built like a Saab. How many sports cars can you name that will comfortably seat two adults, three kids, and a small Saint Bernard?

If you leave the kids behind and flip down the backseat, you have more luggage space than Audi, BMW, and Volvo combined. Combined? Combined.

Once one appreciates the thinking behind a Saab, its newfound acceptance is not hard to understand.

1983 SAAB PRICE ** LIST

900 2-door	\$30,750
900 4-door	\$31,050
900S 2-door	\$32,550
900S 4-door	\$32,950
900 Turbo 2-door	\$36,550
900 Turbo 4-door	\$36,950

Automatic transmission \$370 additional

Saab's current sales growth notwithstanding, the highways of America will never exactly be teeming with Saabs. On the other hand, Saab dealers actually had to turn away potential customers last year because there just weren't enough Saabs to go around.

So if you're thinking about a brand new Saab this year, we urge you not to waste too much time.

*Saab 900 5 speed APC Turbo. **EPA's estimated mpg. 24 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appendments Group, which includes leather upholstery, fog lights, front console and electric sunroof, at additional cost.



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The most intelligent car ever built.

LIGHTS, 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, KING, 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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